

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



THE END OF THE PARIS-BERLIN MOTOR-CAR RACE: OVATION TO THE WINNER, M. FOURNIER.

DRAWN BY S. BECC.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The sentimentalists have shot their last bolt. Everyone accustomed to watch the signs of public opinion can see it is not in the least moved by the contention that the war must be a crime on our part, because Boer women and children are suffering privations, not unknown to the British soldier, and shared by the destitute families of British refugees, expelled from the Transvaal by Mr. Kruger. Hence the lamentations over popular "intolerance." What this means is that our public is not hard of heart, but hard of head. It will not be led by delirious persons who cry that the British soldier is as cruel as the Bashi-Bazouk. Unluckily for this hallucination, Miss Hobhouse tells us that the soldier will go short of his rations that the women and children may have enough to eat. This may imply that the administration of the camps is defective, or simply that the difficulty of feeding both troops and captives is enormous; but it cannot be made to imply that the soldiers are savages. Nor is there a tittle of evidence that the military authorities had any rational alternative, and that the war would have been shortened by leaving the women and children on the farms either to starve, or to accumulate hoards of provisions for the fighting burghers.

In a word, the country refuses to catch Boeritis. The attitude of the vast majority in Great Britain is reflected in the attitude of Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. My lively correspondents who write to me on postcards, "Yah! Jingo!" should remember that they apply this epithet to the mass of their fellow-citizens throughout the Empire. Boeritis is unknown in Australia and New Zealand; and in the Dominion Parliament it has a party of three, one of whom is said to be visiting England. Is this to give or to receive comfort? Mr. Bourassa had better hurry home, or he may find that his party has dissolved in his absence, like the little nigger boys in the old ballad—

Three little nigger boys struggled into view,  
One went to England, and then there were two;  
Jingo jaws, opening wide for a little fun,  
Swallowed up the others, and then there was none.

The Colonist is a hard-headed democrat who, at the outset, saw through the ambition of Mr. Kruger's sham Republic to dominate South Africa. That plain issue was enough for Colonial opinion, which has never been diverted from it by wild rhetoric about the "barbarous suppression of small and independent nationalities." When a small nationality deliberately aims at making South Africa an independent Dutch Confederation, and backs that scheme with armaments strong enough for a two years' war, the Colonist recognises that the war must be a knock-down blow for the challenger. To sentimental futilities about "magnanimity" and the wickedness of "militarism" he gives no heed. People who think it wicked for their own country to resist palpable aggression, and crush the aggressor, screech vainly in his ears.

By far the ablest book this struggle has produced is Mr. Edward Cook's "Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War." No statement of the British case can compare with this in grasp and insight. Mr. Cook destroys the fallacy that the war is the job of the greedy British capitalist, and shows conclusively that it is the job of the greedy Hollander. That is why the editor of the Amsterdam *Handelsblad*, who still has the kindness to deplore our Jingoism, sketched this pleasant prospect: "The future of England lies in India, and the future of Holland in South Africa. . . . And when, in course of time, the Dutch language shall universally prevail in South Africa, this most extensive territory will become a North America for Holland, and enable us to balance the Anglo-Saxon race." It is because we will not lend ourselves to this project that Mr. Boissevain says we have no honour and conscience. I commend to his attention a piece of news from Klerksdorp, in the Transvaal. "The public school here is crowded with Dutch children, all learning English. More slates and school-books have been sold in six months than in the past six years." In the Boer refugee camp at Aliwal North the Dutch children have deserted their own school, and flocked into the English school. So passes that beautiful dream of Dutch supremacy.

My American correspondents continue to send me newspapers that find space for the opinions of Mr. Stead. In Mr. Cook's narrative Mr. Stead supplies the comic relief. Dr. Leyds, he wrote in April 1897, "has been appointed a kind of Boer Minister to Europe, where he will no doubt do his utmost to encourage the idea that the federated Dutch Republics can be relied upon by anyone who wishes to destroy British supremacy in South Africa." In March 1896, Mr. Stead compared Mr. Kruger's treatment of the Outlanders to the Turkish treatment of the Armenians. "He denies them the elementary rights of free citizens in a free country. He laughs at their protests, and shrugs his shoulders at their petitions." If the American newspapers have any more room, they might utilise these quotations. If they want to

indulge in philosophical speculation, they might inquire whether Mr. Stead changed his views at the bidding of the lady who wrote letters to him from heaven. He was once a violent partisan of Mr. Rhodes, who could do nothing wrong in Mr. Stead's eyes. Is it possible that, among other errors of judgment, Mr. Rhodes had the imprudence to speak disrespectfully of the celestial Julia?

I have heard that when the son of the Amir of Afghanistan was in this country, he was distinguished, even among Eastern Princes, for the exceeding gravity of his manners. This is not wonderful when you read the precepts of his father, as set forth in the *Monthly Review*. The counsels of Polonius to Laertes were not so precise or profound. Abdur Rahman had clearly made a careful study of our customs for the benefit of Nasrullah Khan, who was enjoined to bow to ladies when first introduced, "but not shake hands until you meet them a second time." He was to be very free with presents, such as "rings, brooches, necklaces, or bracelets," but not to commit his generosity to writing except upon a visiting-card: "With compliments from So-and-so to So-and-so, as a token of friendly remembrance." Perhaps some gentle hearts, touched by the poetic melancholy of this young envoy, may have wondered at the coldness of "So-and-so," when it accompanied a sparkling necklace. It was neither shyness nor pride; it was the rigour of a grim father at Kabul. Can you not see Nasrullah inditing a tender ballad about the bulbul, and then tearing it up with a sigh because it was forbidden by the paternal instructions? A giddy writer in a morning paper suggests that Abdur Rahman may have heard that the kind of letter most appropriate to a necklace is apt to figure in an action for breach of promise. I believe that an Eastern Prince was once sued by the blighted affections of a lady in a London boarding-house. But the Amir was thinking only of political entanglements.

Poor Nasrullah must have been much embarrassed by his gloves. "Ladies," wrote his papa, "can shake hands with their gloves on, but a gentleman ought to take off the glove of his right hand to shake hands, and for this reason generally the gentlemen wear gloves on their left hand, and keep the glove of the right hand off to be able to shake hands without any delay; but they can shake hands with gloves on after it is evening." This is like a nightmare. That poor young man must have muttered it in his dreams like an incantation. How could he remember which hand was to be gloved, or what to do with his hands or gloves, or whether he had either gloves or hands? Does anybody recollect that on several occasions the Afghan Prince, who always seemed to have something on his mind, turned pale, and fled from the house? It was because the incantation would repeat itself backwards in his perturbed brain. How he must have disliked Shakspeare when he found Romeo telling Juliet, "I would I were a glove upon that hand!" You can see him smite his forehead. "Which hand? Yes, but ladies can wear gloves on both hands. Then why doesn't Romeo want to be both her gloves?" It must have been maddening until nightfall. Never did man long so ardently for night as did Nasrullah. "Night or Blücher!" said Wellington at Waterloo. He knew nothing about it. "Would the night were come!" said Hamlet, thinking of his father's reported ghost. Pooh!

If I had known Nasrullah, I should have comforted him with tales of Britons who never knew what to do with their hats. There was once an elderly clubman whose hat was a public marvel. Its age baffled calculation, and its condition scandalised every eye. Nothing would induce him to leave it in the room at the club reserved for hats. When he removed it from his head, he planted it on a table under somebody's nose. An exasperated member one day filled it with waste-paper, and when the owner had finished his talk about the National Debt (this was his only theme; he never mentioned the weather), he put it on, and fragments of envelopes streamed down his nose. The smoking-room where this historic scene occurred burst into merriment. He glared silently at the company, strode out, and was never seen again. Next day he died, and it was found that he had left a large fortune to the Government for the reduction of the National Debt, and not a penny to his family. The Government was asked whether it was not ashamed of itself to take the money, and it said it was, but that the law left it no choice. Small pensions were bestowed upon the defrauded persons who ought to have inherited the fortune. Now, if I could have told this tale to Nasrullah, it would have diverted his mind from the incantation, and cheered him in the performance of his social duties.

A correspondent writes: "Yesterday I saw an affecting sight. A beautiful creature, in a ravishing summer toilette, sat in the marble hall of one of our great clubs. Husband, father, or brother—where was he? Doubtless immersed in some political business, while she waited with angelic patience. There was no refreshment save the busts of departed statesmen, the club rules forbidding tea. Where is our boasted chivalry?"

## THE "ILLUSTRATED BIBLE."

It has long been a trite saying that religious art is a thing of the past; but in disproof of this we hail the announcement of an "Illustrated Bible," to which the leading artists of Europe and America, irrespective of creed, have been invited to contribute. The paintings and drawings for this work are now to be seen at the Holland Fine Art Gallery (Grafton Street), and they form an exhibition of an absolutely unique character.

It is, perhaps, strange to find that for artists so essentially different in temperament as Mr. E. A. Abbey and M. James Tissot, the Book of Judges should afford a meeting-ground; but while the former rises to a higher imaginative sphere in such a work as Jacob wrestling with the angel, the latter fixes us with his minute knowledge of Eastern life and scenery. M. Gérôme, when not dealing with desert scenes, as in Rebekah at the Well, or the defeat of the Amalekites, returns to a more conventional treatment of the New Testament; but it is a matter for discussion whether he was well advised to treat pictorially the fact of the Resurrection, on which the Evangelists themselves preserved silence. The Spanish artist Villegas is attracted by the Book of Esther and the story of Rabshakeh; the Italians Michetti and Morelli by the Acts of the Apostles, the miracles of Jesus in Galilee, and the parable of the Prodigal Son; the German von Uhde by episodes in the lives of the patriarchs Abraham and Moses; and it is to the Old Testament also that the Russian Ilja Répin goes for his subjects. Not less noteworthy is the contrast afforded by Sir L. Alma-Tadema's Death of the First-Born, and Josef Israëls' treatment of David and Saul; but in the former there is a depth of pathos and in the latter a touch of bright hopefulness one seldom finds in their secular work. Mr. Briton Rivière's Creation belongs to a very different category, and the first dawn of light over the dark waters of the unknown and unformed world is full of solemn mystery. On the other hand, while Burne-Jones has treated the Deposition in the conventional manner of Old Italian art, Benjamin Constant in his rendering of the Agony and of the Crucifixion reflects more accurately the tendency of modern feeling. Mr. Walter Crane's contributions, which refer wholly to the early episodes of sacred history, are scholarly and decorative rather than explanatory; but Segantini, in his treatment of Miriam in the Desert and of the Scapegoat, gives a free rein to his imaginative power. Space does not permit us to speak of the work of the Hungarian de Brozik, of Edelfelt the Swedish—of Puvis de Chavannes, Laurens, and Rochegrosse, the French—of Kampf, Max Liebermann, and Schneider, the German—and de Vriendt, the Belgian—artists.

The sumptuous volume for which these illustrations have been designed is practically ready, and can be supplied to subscribers bound in a cover designed by Mr. Walter Crane, who has contributed largely to making the "Illustrated Bible" complete in every way by designing the titles of each book, initials, and, last but not least, a form of Family Register, in which domestic events may be chronicled; or it can be had in twenty separate parts, each part containing five illustrations. The Illustrated London News Company have obtained the right to publish the first thousand impressions.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LOUIS XI." AT THE LYCEUM.

The popular enthusiasm which the many evidences of Sir Henry Irving's virtuosity have aroused during recent Lyceum revivals reached its climax this week over the reproduction of that one-part romantic drama "Louis XI.," and fittingly so, for it is in Delavigne's old play that our most distinguished actor and comedian finds a study in morbid psychology pre-eminently suited to his bizarre histrionic talents. Intellectual subtlety, nerve-afflicting displays of craven terror and impotent rage, a humour almost devilish in its grimness—these are the marked features of his picturesque and grisly representation of the horrible old tyrant and satyr. No wonder Monday's audience called and recalled the leading player and drowned him (so to speak) in applause; for Louis XI. is the most luridly impressive of all Henry Irving's many impressive impersonations, and just at present the Lyceum chief is acting with a brilliancy he has never surpassed.

A CHARITABLE MATINÉE AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The charitable matinée still maintains its popularity, and does good service to many worthy causes. Last Tuesday, special afternoon amusement was offered at the St. James's Theatre in aid of the Westminster Hospital. The programme included monologues, songs, and dances (as the official advertisement quaintly stated), furnished by Messrs. Coquelin, Martin Harvey, H. B. Irving, Arthur Playfair, and W. H. Day, and Mesdames Fanny Brough, Kate Phillips, Kitty Cheatham, and Valli Valli; that popular song-cycle, "The Daisy Chain," and some more strictly dramatic entertainment. This last comprised the second act of the Court farce, "Women are So Serious," soon, alas! to be withdrawn, Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr. Fred Kerr's piquant playing notwithstanding; and a smart and topically interesting one-act play written by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, author of the amusing "Impertinent Dialogues," and entitled "The Fortune of War."

## THE THIRD OF OUR RECORD NUMBERS.

The entire edition of "The Record of Queen Victoria's Reign," which forms an excellent third to the series of historical special numbers published by *The Illustrated London News*, has now been printed, and the plates will therefore be destroyed. This magnificent work contains fifteen India proof and other photogravures from pictures by Benjamin Constant, Sir John Millais, W. P. Frith, Sir G. Hayter, R. Caton Woodville, and other artists, together with a full history of Queen Victoria's reign by Justin McCarthy. A limited number of copies can still be obtained, price 5s.



# THE DUKE OF YORK AT SYDNEY AND BRISBANE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PICTORIAL PRESS AGENCY.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK LANDING AT FARM COVE, SYDNEY.

THE MARCH PAST HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT LYTTON, NEAR BRISBANE.

THE ROYAL PARTY PASSING THROUGH THE LARGE ARCH AT THE JUNCTION OF QUEEN STREET AND GEORGE STREET.

THE DUKE LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE CATHEDRAL AT BRISBANE, MAY 22.

THE ABORIGINAL CIRCLE, GEORGE STREET, BRISBANE.

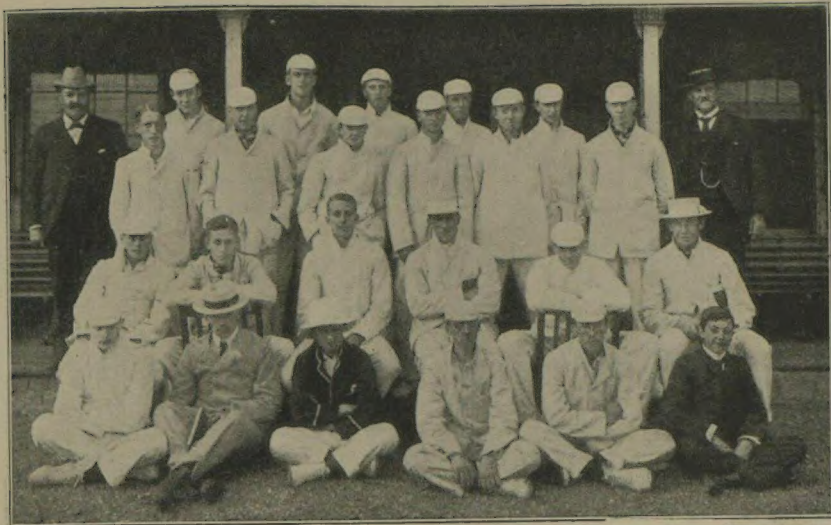


Photo. Lascelles.

THE CARTHUSIAN AND WESTMINSTER ELEEVENS.



Photo. Hills and Saunders.

THE ETON AND WINCHESTER ELEEVENS.



MR. A. W. GORE,  
LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION.



Photo. Hills and Saunders.

ETON V. WINCHESTER: ETON AT THE WICKET.



MISS LENA GOWER,  
WINNER OF LADIES' OPEN CROQUET  
CHAMPIONSHIP.

LAST WEEK'S TENNIS AND CROQUET TOURNAMENTS AND PUBLIC SCHOOL CRICKET.



R. J. GEEVER

THE EXTRAORDINARY CYCLING PERFORMANCE ON A TRACK OF 60-DEGREES ANGLE AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

The track on which Mr. Charles Jones performs is built at an angle of 60 degrees, and is open towards the stage. Mr. Jones's most extraordinary feat consists of removing the upper portion of his clothing while cycling at full speed, without using his handle-bar.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## PROCLAIMING THE CORONATION.

When the newspapers on Friday, June 28, announced that at the Council on the previous day, the King had chosen next June as the month of his coronation, leaving



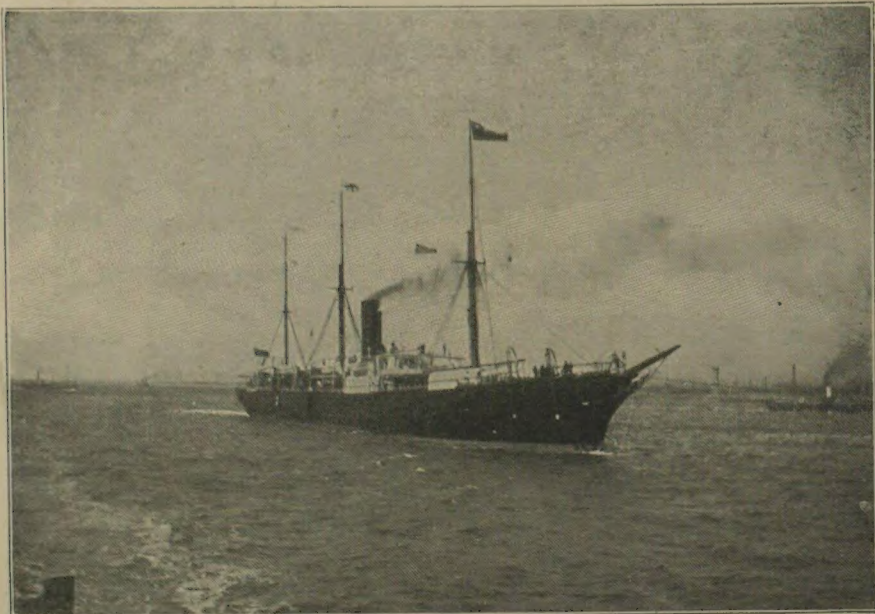
Photo. Bolas.

PARSEE MAUSOLEUM, CONSECRATED AT WOKING  
ON JUNE 26.

the date to be hereafter fixed, no hint was given that the formal proclamation was to take place that morning. Londoners were therefore surprised when between nine and ten o'clock it became evident at the various points where proclamation is wont to be made that a State ceremony of the first importance was shortly to be performed. At St. James's Palace, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange strong bodies of police were posted to clear a space for the Heralds, who appeared in due course at eleven o'clock on the balcony of Friary Court, St. James's. His Majesty the King, in person, watched the proceedings from a stand erected in the grounds of Marlborough House. At the last stroke of eleven, the trumpeters blew three flourishes, and the Norroy King-of-Arms read the proclamation, ending with the invocation, "God Save the King!" Another flourish from the trumpeters brought the ceremony at St. James's to a close, and the Heralds and Pursuivants immediately entered their carriages and, escorted by a squadron of the Life Guards, proceeded to Temple Bar, where the proclamation was repeated, with the additional historic ceremonial of demanding entrance to the City. As at the accession, the City boundary was marked by a red cord, which was only withdrawn after the challenge of the City Marshal had been answered in due form by the Pursuivant. That officer was immediately conducted to the Lord Mayor, who formally admitted the cavalcade. At the Royal Exchange the proclamation was read by Somerset Herald (Mr. Burke), and at the conclusion, the Lord Mayor repeated the words, "God Save the King!" and called for cheers for his Majesty. His Lordship then led the officers of the College of Arms within the Mansion House, where they were entertained on behalf of the City.

## THE TOUR OF THE "OPHIR."

The Duke of Cornwall on the 22nd day of May laid the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral at Brisbane. By good luck the visit of the Duke and Duchess to Sydney also synchronised with the jubilee commemoration of the University. The Duke's own birthday—June 3—gave Sydney a holiday. An impressive military parade was



THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM-SHIP "LUSITANIA," WRECKED ON JUNE 26  
OFF CAPE RACE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

that of eleven thousand troops whom the Duke reviewed at Christchurch; while the most picturesque of the pageants seen by the royal party since they left home were those more or less informal ones arranged for them by the Maoris. To the particularly friendly interchange of courtesies between the natives and the Duke and Duchess, reference has already been made in our letter-press, but our pictures, following the cable messages at leisure, revive the interesting episodes this week.

## A PARSEE MAUSOLEUM.

The small colony of Parsees resident in this country, and their brethren on a visit here—together with Sir George Birdwood, Sir Charles Lyall, Mr. Thompson, M.P., Colonel Wylie, and other European friends of this enterprising community—journeyed to Brookwood by special train from Waterloo on June 26 to witness the consecration of a new "agary," or fire-temple, and mausoleum erected on the plot of ground reserved for the Parsees at the cemetery in memory of the late Mr. Nowrosji N. Wadia, C.I.E., who, with some twenty-three compatriots, is buried there. The buildings, which are the gift of his family to the Zoroastrian Fund of Europe, have been erected at great cost under the direction of Sir George Birdwood, who performed the opening ceremony. The fire-temple has been designed on the model of the ruins of a double gateway of the Palace of Xerxes. The mausoleum, of which we give a photograph, is a reproduction of the tomb of Cyrus at Pasargadæ.

## THE PARIS-BERLIN MOTOR-CAR RACE.

The motor-car, it seems, is to become a factor in the amity of nations; and the race of begoggled, masked, and dusty gentlemen from the capital of France to the capital of Germany counts as a double event—part of sport and part also of international politics. When M. Fournier reached Berlin with a ten minutes' lead, and thundered up in a 70-horse car (the property, by the way, of an Englishman) to the German and tricolour flags at the winning-post, the crowd burst into cheers, and the band into the "Marseillaise." German ladies vied with French ladies in the shower of bouquets, and the President of the German Automobile Club hung a wreath on the neck of the victor as he was borne shoulder-high to the Judge's Pavilion. Two other Frenchmen, arriving second and third, had proportionate welcomes. This is sport. But it became politics when the German Emperor telegraphed: "Full of pleasure at the cordial co-operation of the French and German racers"—meaning also races, on this particular occasion of national *rapprochement*.

## CARDIFF CATTLE SHOW.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England held its annual county meeting this year at Cardiff under favourable conditions of weather—a great consideration on these occasions. The diminution in the number of entries in the live stock and implement departments must also have been hailed by many visitors as an uncovenanted mercy, seeing that the falling off in quantity meant none at all in quality. The reappearance of the King's stock at a competitive exhibition was heartily welcomed. Windsor and Sandringham contributed a number of animals, so that his Majesty was awarded first prize and championship for the short-horn bull Royal Duke; second prize for the shorthorn bull Pride of Collynie; second prize for the short-horn heifer Ruby; third prizes for the Hereford heifer Sophie, for the shire stallion Topsman Blond, and for a Southdown shearling ram; besides four or five awards for nominal honours.

## THE WRECK OF THE "LUSITANIA."

The royal mail steamer *Lusitania*, of the Elder Dempster line, while steaming through the fog twenty miles north of Cape Race, Newfoundland, went ashore on the rocks of Seal Cove on June 26. For a time there was great panic among the passengers; but Captain McKay, with his officers and some of the crew, succeeded in checking it, and all the passengers were safely landed. The weather was very stormy, and the *Lusitania* had ultimately to be abandoned.

## SPORT OF THE WEEK.

At Vincent Square on Saturday Westminster defeated Charterhouse by 91 runs after a two days' game. Charterhouse wanted 270 runs to win, and though Curwen, Norris,

and Garforth did well, they were all out for 178. At Eton on Saturday, after a splendid finish, the Eton Eleven beat Winchester by two wickets. The tennis championship was easily secured at Wimbledon by Mr. A. W. Gore, and the croquet championship at Sheen House Club, Mortlake, by Miss Lena Gower.

## THE BALDWIN-ZIEGLER EXPEDITION.

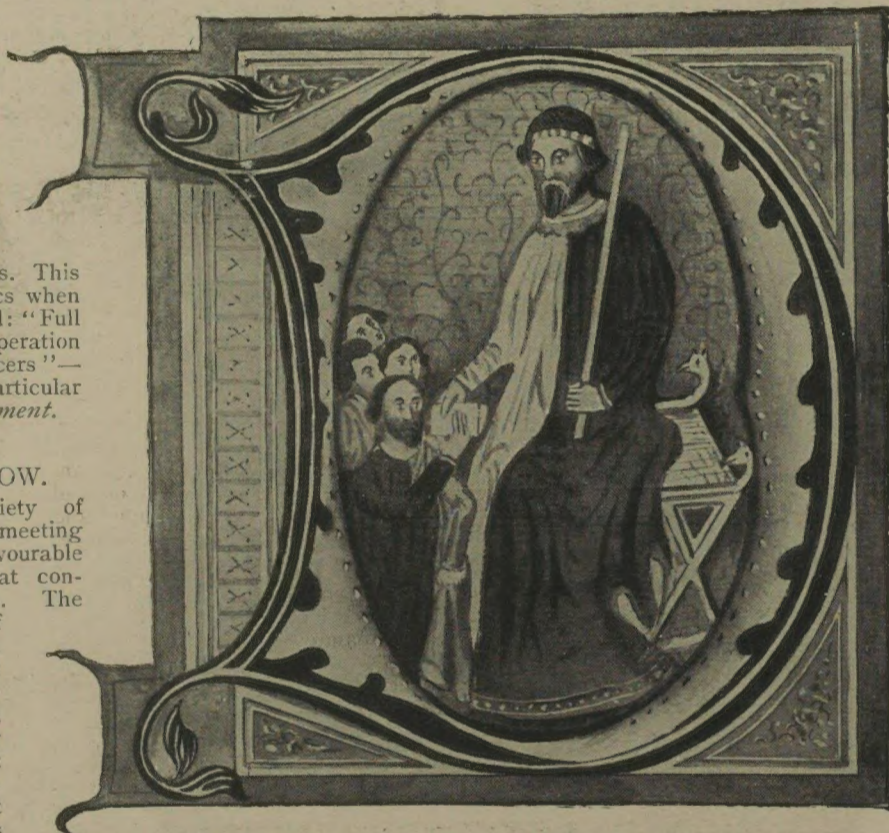
Dundee has lately given the hospitality of her harbour to two vessels destined for Polar research—the *Discovery*, of the British Antarctic Expedition, and the *America*, which, according to the hopes of Messrs. Baldwin and Ziegler, is to take the American explorers to the Pole. Mr. Ziegler, as our readers are aware, supplies the money, and Mr. Baldwin is himself the man for the expedition.

## THE SCOTS GUARDS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Lieutenant Alexander, who sends us photographs of campaigning incidents and recreations, thus describes the method of surmounting a difficulty of cattle transport: "One day my company had to get a big flock of sheep across a narrow foot-bridge. Nothing would induce them to cross. We threw them into the water, but nearly all that were not drowned swam back to the wrong bank. At last the Kaffir drover hit on a system of making several goats that happened to be among the sheep march slowly over the plank one at a time. A batch of sheep would then follow suit."

## THE COURT OF CLAIMS.

A most interesting quasi-judicial body, called the Court of Claims, was constituted by the proclamation published in the *Gazette* of June 27. The duties this body will have to perform are defined by the proclamation: they are very light, owing to the curtailment of the modern coronation ceremony. This Court of Claims is neither more nor less than the Seneschal's Court of Norman times. The "Seneschalli regis de feodo" performed many of the



THE EARLIEST COURT OF CLAIMS ON RECORD.

DRAWN BY L. W. VERNON HARCOURT.

duties of a Regent between the demise of one Sovereign and the crowning of another. The office became merged in the crown when Henry of Bolingbroke became King of England. The first mention in history of a Court of Claims occurs on the accession of Richard II. "The Duke of Lancaster, who, for his Dukedom of Lancaster and Earldoms of Leicester and Lincoln, was admitted upon his claim to be High Steward, bearer of the King's chief sword 'Curtana,' and carver at that solemnity . . . held the Steward's Court several days in Westminster Hall to receive the claims of such persons as by certain tenures or custom were to officiate at that ceremony." We give an illustration, taken from a Cottonian manuscript, showing John of Gaunt holding the Steward's Court and receiving the claim of Thomas of Woodstock. Both are shown in the parti-coloured dresses of the period. L. W. V. H.

## AN INDIAN PASSION PLAY.

A Passion play was given on June 1 by the Sechelt tribe of Indians in Chilliwack, Vancouver. Twelve actors took part in the tableaux, which were presented with wonderful reverence and artistic feeling. The performers were drilled by the Rev. Father Chirouse, and during the Crucifixion scene, at which all the spectators knelt, the Rev. Father Rohr addressed the assemblage in Chinook, telling the story of the Passion. The play was first given in 1892.

## THE MAD MULLAH'S RISING.

Reports from Somaliland show that Captain MacNeill's force was hotly attacked by the Mad Mullah's insurgents on June 2 and 3. Captain MacNeill was at that time entrenched in a zariba with a force of 300 men. He threw up a parapet of water-tanks, but for which the British loss would have been very heavy; as it was, we lost ten men. The enemy, however, had 700 killed, and retreated in disorder, the Mad Mullah himself narrowly escaping capture.

## PERSONAL.

On June 29 the King granted several audiences, among those so honoured being Lord Halifax, Lord Milner, and Sir Francis Jeune. Queen Alexandra received a deputation from the city of Bath, who, headed by the Mayor, besought her Majesty's gracious acceptance of some fine examples of artistic handiwork manufactured at Bath, which were exhibited in the Prince of Wales's Pavilion at the recent Paris Exhibition. On Monday the new Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Paget, did homage on his appointment, and received from the Sovereign the insignia of the Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, an office pertaining to the Bishopric of Oxford. On Tuesday the King drove down to Windsor on his motor-car, and inspected the progress which has been made with the alterations there. On Wednesday Queen Alexandra received over seven hundred of Queen Victoria's Jubilee nurses, a large and distinguished party being invited to meet them. Among those nurses who received badges was Lady Hermione Blackwood.

Mrs. Matthew Arnold, after surviving her famous husband for thirteen years, has passed away at Pain's Hill Cottage, Cobham, after a long illness. A daughter of the late Sir William Wightman, Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, she married just fifty years ago the poet, the Inspector of Schools, and, above all perhaps, the critic, who has made her gentle and faithful character apparent in the course of his published letters. Her own life was one of comparative seclusion. Of her children, three

survive her—Mr. Arnold, Inspector of Factories, and two daughters, the elder the wife of Mr. Whitridge, of New York, and the younger the widow of the Hon. Armine Wodehouse.

The French Government has had enough of motor-car racing, and has limited the speed of motors in France to twenty miles an hour. In this country the rural County Councils have made the limit ten miles. If some restriction is necessary, the French standard is the more reasonable of the two.

The abnormal heat in America has caused great loss of life. A temperature of 110 in the shade ought to do more than satisfy the American appetite for records.

Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston, K.C.B., is not only the Special Commissioner of the Uganda Protectorate, but also Commander-in-Chief and Consul-General. He is also a painter of pictures and a writer of books. Born in Kennington just forty-three years ago, he was educated at Stockwell Grammar School and at King's College, London. Then he became an Academy student, but was soon found far away from Piccadilly, travelling in North Africa, exploring Portuguese West Africa and the Congo, and commanding the Scientific Expedition of the Royal Society to Mount Kilimanjaro. Appointments followed—those of Vice-Consul in the Cameroons, Acting-Consul in the Niger Coast Protectorate, Consul for the Province of Mozambique, Commissioner of the British Central Africa Protectorate, and Consul-General at Tunis. Sir Harry, whose knighthood dates from 1896, married in the same year Winifred Irby, daughter of the fifth Lord Boston. Sir Harry is just now at home on furlough. One of his latest achievements is the discovery of an African mammal akin to the Helladotherium.

Lord Charles Beresford will resign his command in the Mediterranean Fleet in February next. It is said that he will do this in order to be free for criticism of naval affairs; but on the other hand, it is pointed out that in any case his term of two years' service in the capacity of Rear-Admiral must come to an end in February.

Mr. Arnold White, who has been making a personal examination of the Mediterranean Fleet, says that the rations of the bluejackets are insufficient. He lived on bluejacket fare as an experiment, and found that the men were forced to supplement their diet out of their own pockets. "A bowl of tea and a chunk of hard bread form the only ration between half-past twelve in the day and half-past six next morning. The bluejacket has consequently to draw on his own resources to the tune of ten shillings a week.

Mr. Asquith has accepted the invitation to dine with his supporters in the Opposition. To a letter of remonstrance from other Liberal members, he has replied that his object is to show that the Liberal Imperialists are just as Liberal as any other section of the party. They have not the smallest desire to detach themselves from the party organisation in regard to questions of domestic policy.

The Cape Ministry has suspended the Colonial Constitution by postponing the meeting of the Legislature until October. This step is made necessary by the war, and is supported even by members of the Bond. As a colony must be entitled to suspend its Constitution if it thinks the measure warranted by the emergency, this cannot be called interference with the rights of Colonial self-government.

Earl Russell is to be tried by the House of Lords on July 18. The trial will be held in the Royal Gallery, a handsome apartment adorned with frescoes. The Attorney-General, Sir Robert Finlay, is expected to represent the Crown.

The little byways of popular appreciation have always been dear to authors. In fame, as in love, "signs are more than proofs." Readers of Mr. R. D. Blackmore may experience vicariously a little of this sensation on seeing the price paid the other day for the author's own copy of the first edition of "Lorna Doone." It reached the fancy sum of thirty guineas—some three pounds more than was paid on the same occasion for a first edition of Keats' "Endymion."

The march of eight hundred nurses to Marlborough House is in itself a great event. It is also a fitting sequel. The pageants of war have come and gone along Pall Mall for the past year at intervals; so have the pageants of grief—the coming and going of royalty and of royal guests during the time of Queen Victoria's illness and death. The nurse was not represented on these occasions, but she was felt to be there. On Wednesday she was seen, and in its own way this procession was among the bravest that Londoners have lately witnessed.

Sir Alfred Edmund Bateman, K.C.M.G., who has just been nominated Chairman of the Advisory Committee of Commercial Intelligence at the Board of Trade, in succession to Sir Courtenay Boyle, brings to his new duties the ripe experience gathered by him as Comptroller-General for Commerce, Labour, and Statistics. Born in 1844, the son of a Nottinghamshire clergyman, he was educated at Repton and Brighton College. It is thirty-six years since he entered the Board of Trade; and his activities during that period have included a call to the Bar and the secretarieships to various commissions and conferences on matters of trade and the treaties by which trade is affected. Four years ago he was elected President of the Royal Statistical Society.

A hundred years hence journalists will amuse their readers by citing the case of the young woman in Staffordshire who brought about her own death last week by a diet of vinegar and lemons. Her companions told the coroner that the desire of her life had been "to look pale and interesting."

The members of the Moorish Mission are now Morocco bound. They have had an excellent time in London, showing faces equally imperturbable to bowing at Court, buying at Whiteley's, strolling among the nursemaids in the Park in the neighbourhood of Lancaster Gate, or looking at the latest American farce. No smile was to be lured from lips that were all the more interesting for the abstinence. Enigmas are a favourite form of literature with them, and they write of what they know—themselves.

The importance of dinners has always been recognised in our national as well as in our domestic life. The table-cloth seems now to be made the field for contending parties—a sort of rope for the tug-of-war. But contentiousness is not really a good digestive, and, if the combat becomes too keen, who can rely upon the impartiality of the cook? Buonaparte, as all cooks know, lost one of his battles by a badly cooked chop.

Our series of Historical Photogravures comes closely up to date with the preparation of the new plate, "King Edward VII. presenting the South African War-Medals on June 12," from the painting by our Special Artist, Mr. S. Begg. Each picture measures 30 in. by 22 in., and the price for signed proofs, of which only 200 will be issued, is one guinea. Unsigned copies may be had at 10s. 6d. Subscribers to the photogravures of Benjamin Constant's great painting of Queen Victoria will be pleased to learn that M. Benjamin Constant has passed the first impression from the copper plate, and has endorsed it with the remark: "Cette épreuve est magnifique; rien à retoucher." First proofs on Japanese vellum and India paper are now to be seen at the Office, 198, Strand, W.C. Full particulars of the reproductions from this painting, with order forms and illustrated circulars, are sent free on application to Photogravure Department, 198, Strand.

After a career of a hundred and twelve years, the *Moniteur Universel* has been amalgamated with the *Soleil*. The *Moniteur* is interesting to English readers historically as the organ of Napoleon's fiercest diatribes against England. The *Times*, which continues to give daily excerpts from its own columns in the year 1801, has many diverting quotations from the *Moniteur* in its palmy days.

The direct interposition of the German Emperor in affairs of naval detail has consequences that do not always conduce to peace of mind. When the sea-path of the Kaiser was impeded before some races by a gun-boat's crossing and recrossing the course, the meandering captain may or may not have deserved to be ordered a day's confinement in his cabin. The act itself was perhaps venial; but the want of judgment behind it might justly invite to a mark of imperial disapprobation. But whether he deserved it or not, the captain could not like his captivity, nor could he well continue in the service. As soon as he was free he resigned his commission. There are two sorts of resignation, and he was equally well advised to practise both.

The Hon. Ella Campbell, M.D., doctor in the refugees' camp in the Orange River Colony, is decidedly a woman of the hour. The question of the camps is being discussed on all sides, here and there with an acrimony that seems hardly in place. It is a great question; for it presents almost a new feature of war—this enclosure of tens of thousands of women and children under trying conditions. Visitors to the camps carry away varying impressions of what they have heard and seen—as visitors always do. But Miss Campbell's policy is outside the region of controversy. Her practical service is beyond the reach of criticism—even that of Sir Frederick Treves.

The Boer prisoners at Ceylon are loud in praise of their captors. Landdrost Munnik declared that he and his companions had received nothing but kindness from the British officer and the British soldier. On the other hand, that veracious Boer, Andreas De Wet, has been telling a Brussels audience that in the pocket of a dead British soldier he found a letter, in which the writer boasted of having "killed sixty wounded Boers at Elandslaagte." Needless to say, the letter was not produced.

Mr. Ernest Baggallay has said good-bye to his bench as stipendiary magistrate at West Ham in order to take up his new duties as a magistrate of the Metropolitan police-courts, in the room of Mr. Wyndham Slade, resigned. Born fifty-one years ago, he was the son of the late Lord Justice Baggallay. He was educated at Marlborough and at Caius College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1873. As counsel to the Post Office he had ten years of useful and varied experience in his practice. Three years in Parliament as Conservative member for Brixton preceded his appointment to the West Ham police magistracy. Mr. Baggallay, to whom dairy-farming is a recreation, married Emily, daughter of Sir W. W. Burrell, Bart.

## PARLIAMENT.

The Government having abandoned their Education Bill, Sir John Gorst reintroduced part of it as a separate measure to enable County Councils and County Borough Councils to sanction within a limited time the expenditure of School Boards on the schools affected by what is known as the Cockerton judgment. This declared the continuation schools of the School Boards to be illegal. Mr. Bryce argued that the County Councils and the County Borough Councils were quite unsuited for the work to be thrown upon them, and declared that the Bill would meet with a determined opposition.

The Finance Bill was again discussed in great detail, the Irish members opposing everything. They took an active part also in the discussion of the Estimates. Mr. Weir co-operated by moving the reduction of one vote on the ground that Mr. Austen Chamberlain had no right "to go electioneering about the country."

In the House of Lords a Bill to qualify women for election as members of the London Borough Councils, and as Aldermen, was defeated by a large majority.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MRS. MATTHEW ARNOLD,  
Widow of the Poet.

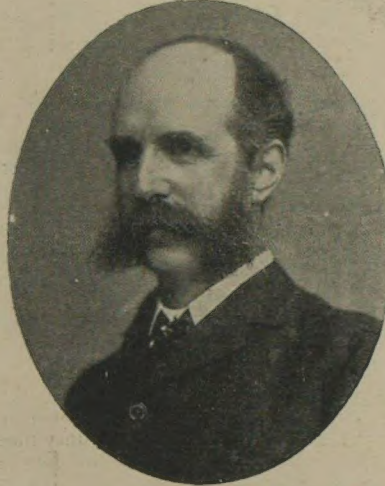


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
SIR A. E. BATEMAN,  
Chairman of the Advisory Committee on  
Commercial Intelligence.

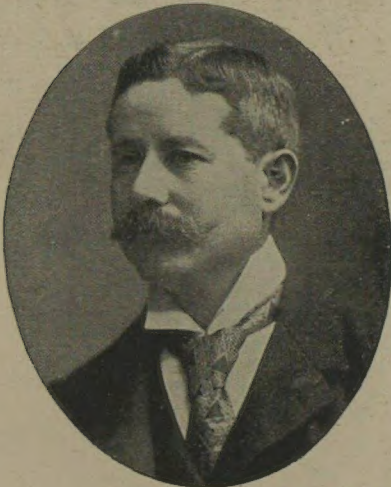


Photo. Russell.  
SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON,  
Special Commissioner of Uganda.

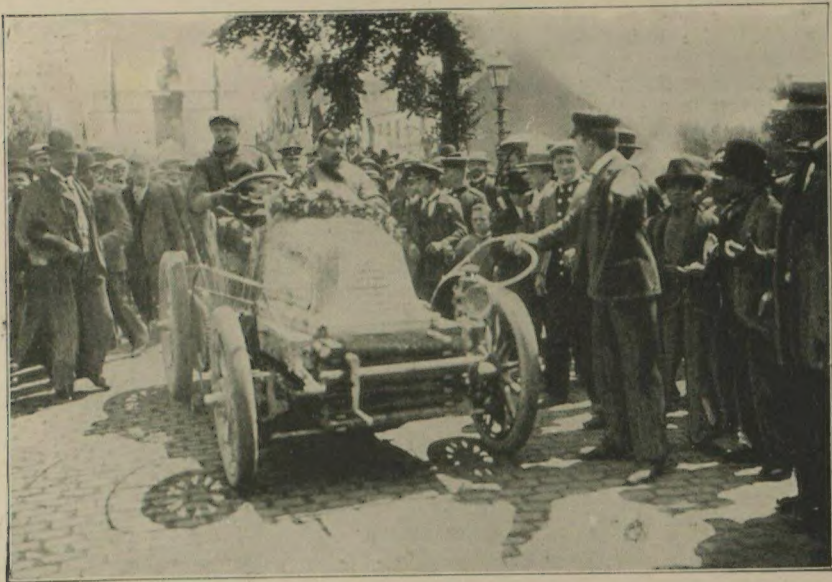


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE HON. ELLA CAMPBELL, M.D.,  
Doctor of Refugees' Camp, Orange River Colony.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
MR. ERNEST BAGGALLAY,  
New Police Magistrate.

THE PARIS-BERLIN MOTOR-CAR RACE.



M. FOURNIER'S ARRIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.



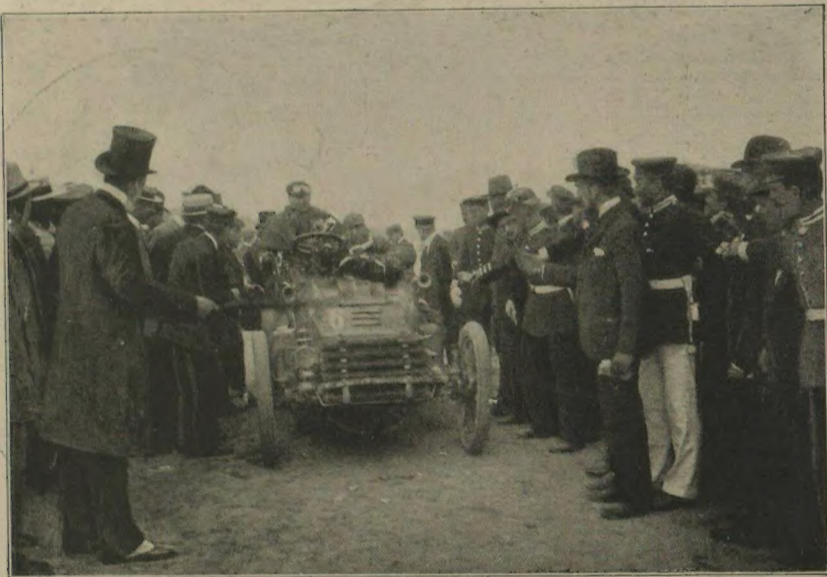
M. GIRARDOT'S ARRIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.



THE TIMEKEEPERS AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.



A BROKEN-DOWN CAR PUSHED BY GERMAN SOLDIERS.



M. GIRARDOT'S ARRIVAL AT BERLIN.



M. FOURNIER, THE WINNER, SHOULDERED BY THE CROWD AT BERLIN.



RECEPTION OF M. FOURNIER BY THE TIMEKEEPERS AT BERLIN.



M. FOURNIER TAKING REFRESHMENT AFTER HIS SUCCESSFUL RACE.

# Girls in Captivity.

## A CHANGE OF RÔLE.

By BARRY PAIN.



Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland.

IT was a frightfully hot afternoon. Harry and a few more enthusiasts were playing away at the nets just as if thermometers had never been invented. Laura Dobbs was there, of course, for ever since she has been a member of the Most Club, as being the most promising bat in the school, she had made a kind of religion of cricket. But most of us were not playing—we had got rugs and books under the trees at the farther end of the field.

I only played cricket once. Then I went in last, and the other girl was bowled next ball; so I was no runs and not out, and Susan Chalmers, who says she takes an interest in mathematics, says that this makes my average either nothing or infinity. If it's infinity it's too good to spoil, and I don't mean to run any risks. Harry doesn't care as long as you never play, and wouldn't be any good if you did; the girls she gets mad with are the girls who are shaping well but get slack.

Anna Esthaven was lying under the trees reading "Katerfelto"; Theo was asleep; I was writing a poem, describing the different people that I know and don't like. Presently Susan came up with a book and a rug and camped near us. Anna stole softly up to her and looked over her shoulder.

"Here, Amy," she called to me, "here's this sweet child doing secret Euclid!"

"I wasn't!" said Susan, who's a liar, though religious in other ways.

"That won't do, my seraph," said Anna. "I saw the diagrams."

"Well, I can't help it. We'd a preliminary paper this morning, and I simply couldn't do a thing; and the actual exam.'s next week."

"What's it matter? I don't care. And I'm ever so much worse than you are. Exams. are all skittles. Madame herself or old Slater wouldn't get half-marks if they had to do all the papers. As a rule, they only teach one or two subjects each, but they expect us to learn the whole lot."

"It doesn't follow because you don't teach a thing you don't know it."

"No," I said; "and it doesn't follow that you know a thing because you do teach it."

"I'm having a little exam. of my own for governesses this year," said Anna. "And, as far as I've gone, they're doing rather badly."

"Don't see how you can examine them," said Theo, who had just woken up.

"That's as easy as pie, though it takes a bit of time. I think of some question, and then put it to all of them as if it were a difficulty in my own work. Of course, you have to take care that one of them who has already had the question doesn't hear you putting it to one of the others. I started off with a sum in arithmetic, and that was done pretty fairly on the whole. It was a dodgy one, and the right answer was one and seven-eighths donkeys, which, of course, looks as if it must be wrong."

"Yes," said Susan. "But suppose one of them says

she can't attend to you just then, or makes some other excuse."

"I'm up to that dodge. A governess always likes to show off in a subject that she doesn't have to teach. If they make an excuse, I take that as meaning that they can't do the question. No answer, no marks. I had that happen in my arithmetic exam. I asked Mademoiselle to do the sum for me, and she refused on the ground that I asked her in English. I suppose that if I told her the house was on fire in English, she would refuse to come out of it. Well, she's got duck for arithmetic, though she doesn't know it."

"What else have you asked them?"

"A couple of questions in German, wretchedly done, and a couple in history, which were done no better. Most disappointing, after all the care and trouble I have taken. Unless I see some improvement soon I shall really have to write to their parents."

"Going to give a prize?" I asked.

"Yes, I think so. I may have to withhold it if the best of them is too bad. And, of course, I shall write a long report on them. What a holy row there would be if Madame ever saw it! She'd have me burned alive like a martyr."

I must say I thought it a jolly good idea. "You might let me join in," I said; "and I'll make a schedule of marks." I got that idea from Miss Slater, who loves schedules; she likes the word, too, and would sooner call a thing a schedule than anything else.



"Miss Frobisham is leaning out of her window and smoking a cigarette."

Anna was quite willing. We've gone shares in a good many things. It was arranged that I should keep the schedule of marks and arrange the questions, and that Anna should put them to the governesses, because she can act better than I can. When I have got to laugh I have got to laugh, and that is all there is about it. I've been punished for it, and it seems to me that they might just as well punish you for catching cold. It's a thing you can't help. It would be all right to punish Anna for it, because she can stop laughing whenever she likes, and is even able to cut a laugh off short right 'n the middle of it. Consequently, she never gets punished for that at all. There is a lot of injustice everywhere, and especially in girls' schools. They make a lot of fuss about pure milk from the school farm and best Parisian accent and rot of that kind, but they never say a word about justice to the girls. I've got a lot of new ideas for improvements in girls' schools, and I may carry them out one of these days—that is, if my time is not too much taken up with authorship.

Well, we got on splendidly with that examination. The chief difficulty was with Madame. She takes just any class she likes, and you never know where to find her. Then it is never safe to interrupt her when she is doing one thing by asking her questions about something else. But Anna was very smart in looking out for opportunities, and at last we had got the exam. all finished, except for one question in Scripture that had not yet been put to Madame. It was really rather exciting, because it all depended on her answer to that question whether she or Miss Slater came out top. Mademoiselle was absolutely last. Next to her came Miss Frobisham. I am sorry she did not do better, because we all like her. For a governess she is wonderfully honest: for instance, when Anna was examining her in German she said right out that she did not know any German, and did not even seem ashamed of it. Fräulein beat Miss Frobisham rather easily, and came out much stronger in history than had ever been expected. Her French was fluent, but she lost marks on pronunciation. In Scripture she failed completely. The question was "What do you know of Jezebel?" And all she would say was, "Zat is nod a berson for younk lates to ask about." No marks, of course.

In the meantime the weather went on getting hotter and hotter. As we were coming out of the swimming-bath one afternoon Anna said to me, "I know something that you wouldn't join in."

"Yes I will," I said. "What is it?"

"Nothing much. I'm sick of sleeping indoors in this weather. So to-night I am going to sleep in the open air like a gipsy."

"And I'm going to practise with a revolver at Miss Slater like a burglar."

"Don't you be sarcastic, Amy Fish."

"One's just about as risky as the other."

"Not a bit. There's no risk in sleeping out at all. All you want is a little cheek."

"Well," I said, "you've got that. What's the plan?"

"Wait till the lights are out and the place is quiet; then go down to the music-room, open the window, get out, shut the window again, and—"

"That window looks out on to Madame's own private, especial, particular, holy, sacred garden."

"I know that. That's where we are going to sleep. If we wait till she sends us an invitation we shall never get into her beastly garden at all. It will be all right. She won't be gardening at that time of night."

"Suppose she takes it in her head that she would like to sleep in the open air like a gipsy?"

"She won't. She only does usual things. She'll sleep in her bed like a scarecrow."

"That window makes a row."

"It used to, but it doesn't now. I've seen to that."

"Very well," I said, "I'll join in."

Then we discussed all the details. I pointed out that we should find ourselves too cold instead of too hot, if we did not wrap up well. I arranged a series of watches, so that one of us would always be awake. As we had to get back into the house again at five, before anybody was about, this was very important. Then I got on to the point of what we should say if we were by any chance found out there.

"Well," said Anna, "suppose we thought we heard burglars?"

"We should rouse the house. We shouldn't put on more than our dressing-gowns. And we shouldn't be carrying a couple of rugs apiece. That won't do."

"Suppose not. But we sha'n't be caught. Chance it!"

I always like to see my way out of a thing when I go into it. But I couldn't think of any more likely story. So we had to chance it, as Anna said. I was so excited about the coming adventure that I could not do any work in preparation—and, by the way, had a particularly choice time with Fräulein next morning in consequence.

As soon as I got to my cubicle, I began to get my equipment. For the guidance of any girl readers that may be intending to sleep in the open some summer night, I will tell you exactly what I had on. I wore [a

few lines of Miss Fish's manuscript are omitted here] and tennis shoes. I also took some plain chocolate, not so much for sustenance as to give us something to do while we were watching. Anna had wanted to take biscuits, but I was dead against that; biscuits make such a noise when you eat them. I should think some sorts could be heard a quarter of a mile away, at the least. And Anna Esthaven's biscuits are particularly noisy.

Anna's faint tap at my cubicle door came before I expected it. The lights in our part of the house were out, and everything seemed quiet; but Madame and some of the others had not gone to bed yet, as I could see from the lights in their windows. However, I couldn't argue about it then; in fact, it was not safe to speak at all. We crept along as quietly as possible, but it seemed to me that we were making a lot of noise. Every board cracked; every stair creaked and groaned. There are some wickerwork lounge-chairs in the music-room, and as soon as we opened the door all these chairs began to make noises as if heavy ghosts were sitting in them and wriggling; that is a little trick that wickerwork chairs have at night. The window worked smoothly enough, but the gravel of the path outside squeaked and grunted till I thought it must arouse the entire neighbourhood. We skipped off it and on to the grass as soon as we could. We got fifty yards away from the house before either of us said a word. Then Anna pointed upwards, and said, "Behold the inconstant moon!"

"Yes," I said, "and that means that anybody might see us. And you're talking too loudly."

"Anybody might see us and hear us if there were anybody, but there isn't. Observe that light. Madame is sitting up and working at to-morrow's translation with a crib. That window there is Miss Frobisham's, and it's wide open. Now she's drawing the blind up. Duck behind the hedge."

I dropped as if I had been shot, and made up my mind that the end had come. I was trying to settle in my mind what would be the best excuse to make when we were caught, when Anna whispered, "I am going to peep out and see what's happening."

I said, "Don't!" but she did. "This is awfully sad," she said. "Miss Frobisham is leaning out of her window and smoking a cigarette. I can't overlook this. I shall have to ask her mother to remove her."

Then I ventured to peep over the hedge myself. It was quite true. That confirmed me in some opinions I've got about governesses: They are just human beings. Some of them hide it so well that it never gets suspected. Miss Slater, for instance, goes on like an elderly granite angel; but they could all be found out by any girl that took the trouble. It seemed to me that Miss Frobisham was looking straight at us; but I reflected that even if she were she wouldn't be able to see us, and that even if she saw us she couldn't say anything, because we also had seen her and her cigarette. I had never been absolutely frightened, but I had had a feeling of nervousness, and now even that passed away.

"Come along," said Anna. "We shall find Madame and the Signorina Slater playing pitch-and-toss together next. I'm more pained than I can express, but I want to get to sleep some time all the same. This way to the camping-ground."

I followed her along the hedge till we came to the croquet lawn at the bottom of the garden. We spread our rugs under a tree; there was a yew hedge, thick and high, between us and the path. We talked for a few minutes about Miss Frobisham, and what a lovely night it was, and how glad we were that we had come, and that we would do it again some other night; and then Anna rolled herself up in her rug and went to sleep. It had been arranged that I was to take the first watch. At first I sat up and listened as hard as I could all the time; I ate some chocolate and looked at my watch every five minutes, and the time seemed to go rather slowly. Once or twice I thought my watch must have stopped. Then, when nothing happened, I got more careless, and began to think about other things. I even composed part of a verse for that poem that I am writing about the people I don't like.

Quite suddenly I heard a sound. I tried for one moment to make myself believe it was the trees or a cat, but it was no good. You could not mistake it; it was the sound of footsteps coming down the path towards us. Then I heard the sound of voices as well. I touched Anna on the shoulder, and she was awake in a moment. "They're coming to look for us," I whispered.

Anna sat up and listened. There was the sound of footsteps and voices, and then came the sound of a laugh. It was an unmistakable laugh—Madame's own particular cackle.

"All right," whispered Anna. "They're not looking for us or they wouldn't laugh. Lie low. Don't move or make a sound."

And as soon as she said that, I felt that I must either cough or die. But I didn't do either. As the voices came nearer we could make out that the other was Miss Slater's. Then to my horror they turned down the path that skirted one side of the croquet-lawn; they came within five yards of us and stopped. Of course we could hear every word now.

"It seems a funny thing," said Madame. "Even if the child is putting the same questions to all of us, I don't see what the motive is."

"I have no doubt that it is some form of impertinence," said Miss Slater.

"It may be, but that's rather vague, you know. And then you are not sure that she is asking us the same questions."

"Practically sure. Fräulein mentioned to me that she had had the question about Jezebel put to her, and it at once flashed across my mind that Anna had just asked me the very same thing. Unfortunately, Mademoiselle and Miss Frobisham cannot remember if Anna asked them too; but they say they have noticed that she is always asking questions about her work nowadays; and that is very unlike her. As a rule, she takes no interest in her work whatever."

"Girls are queer creatures," said Madame. "You never know what they will do, or why. Anyhow, I have not been asked this momentous question yet—of that I am positive. If she is asking everybody, she will ask me; and if she does I promise you I will look into the matter thoroughly; in fact, I will take care that she gets a very good opportunity to ask me. It's a curious thing—I was writing to her Ladyship the other day, and I said that I thought Anna had really improved this term."

Here Anna pinched my arm so hard that I nearly squealed. If I had, I fancy her Ladyship would have got a rather different kind of letter. It was the most exciting and awful time of my life. At the moment I did not even want to laugh.

"Of course," said Miss Slater, "I only hope there is nothing in it. But I thought it as well to mention it."

"Quite so; you're quite right. Well, are you too tired for one more game of chess? No? Let's turn back, then."

And, to my great joy, they turned and went off. But not one word did we speak until we heard the click of the front-door in the distance, and knew that they were safe inside. Even then we didn't speak for some time—we couldn't for laughing. It was too beautiful! But the best part was still to come.

The rest of the night was uneventful in comparison. We did not do much sleeping. Anna trod on two geraniums accidentally, and broke them; she also threw a stone at a cat, and came within a hair's breadth of smashing a cucumber-frame. It got light somewhere about three, and soon after that we decided to go back to our cubicles. It had turned damp, and, in spite of our extra clothes, we were rather cold. Also, we had finished all the chocolate, and remembered that we had some more upstairs. We got back as easily and safely as we had got out. When I came to look in the glass I hardly recognised myself; that always happens when you have not been to bed in the usual way. I was soon asleep, and both Anna and I were late for prayers in the morning.

In the evening while Miss Slater was taking preparation, in sailed Madame. She had come to lure Anna into asking her that question about Jezebel; and but for the fact that Anna was forewarned I have not a doubt she would have caught her. As it was, it was the greatest treat I had had for a long time. I do like to see somebody taking a lot of pains to be very wily when it is no use, and I know it is no use. Madame was all smiles, of course; her sweet, sunny face lit up by the gas looked about as genuine as a bad imitation of a sham diamond.

"Well," she said to Anna, "how are you getting on with these terrible examinations?"

Anna managed to look beautifully dejected. "Very badly, I'm afraid," she said.

"What is the trouble?"

"Even when I know things I don't know how to put them properly. I wish I had some model answers to go by."

I could see Miss Slater's eyes glisten. She felt that Anna was caught for a certainty.

"Well," said Madame, "suppose you ask me some question in history, say, or in Scripture, and I will try to show you the form in which it should be answered."

"Oh, thank you," said Anna. "It's so difficult to think of a question." She screwed up her eyes. "Let me see—er—what do you know of—"

Here she paused for a moment. Miss Slater was looking like a cat just ready to jump. "Of whom?" said Madame in a voice of fruity encouragement.

"Of—er—Cardinal Wolsey," said Anna, glancing across at me.

I saw Miss Slater's jaw drop—more or less, that is. Madame, on the contrary, looked rather pleased, because this proved that she was right in what she said to Miss Slater the night before. She took a sheet of paper and went all through the question with Anna. Then she spoke to one or two of the other girls, just for the look of the thing, and went out.

I would not look at Anna, and kept all my attention screwed down to a French exercise that I was doing. Quite suddenly, just as I was looking up a word in the vocabulary, it became too much for me; I had got to laugh, and I did. A laugh always makes a queer noise when it has been kept back a long time and then goes

off suddenly. Mine was so queer that it set Theo, who was next to me, off laughing as well. Miss Slater sent us both out; and that miracle Anna never moved a muscle of her face.

We never said a word to any of the girls about our having got out at night. Anna said that if we did some of the clumsy ones would try it and get caught, and then Madame might take it into her head to ask if any other girls had done the same thing. And we never said anything about Miss Frobisham's cigarette either. Of course, this gives us a secret hold on her; but I would sooner have a secret hold on Miss Slater. Miss Frobisham's a very good sort.

We were just and fair in the way that we marked Madame for that last question in Scripture. She had

We thought of putting up the list and the schedule of marks in our room at the Most Club; but we gave that up because Cecily would not have liked it. That's the worst of good people; they can't keep their goodness to themselves, but have to make others do righteous things as well. Still, Cecily's very sweet, and everybody likes her, and she adores Anna, and so we gave way. Anna consoled herself by writing an examination report, with a few additional remarks on conduct. Against Mademoiselle's name she wrote: "Knows nothing except French, and cannot teach that; must learn to control her temper." Miss Frobisham's conduct report was "Very good up to ten p.m." Against the names of Madame and Miss Slater, Anna wrote, "One gross act of insubordination," referring, of course to their being out in the garden at night after hours.

#### A NOVEL OF SHERWOOD.

We are not acquainted with Mr. James Prior's earlier book, "Ripple and Flood," but if it is at all like his latest novel, "Forest Folk" (Heinemann, 6s.), we account ourselves greatly the poorer for our ignorance. For "Forest Folk" is a very excellent piece of work—a good story well told. The scene is Nottinghamshire, the southern portion of old Sherwood Forest (hence the title); the time, the early years of last century, when the Luddites were breaking up the machinery, the commons were being enclosed, and the voice of battle was still in the air. The scene, let us say at once, is rather better realised than the time. There runs through the book a feeling, a spirit, which is of to-day, not of a hundred years ago, and renders somewhat



"Well," said Madame, "suppose you ask me some question."

not refused to answer, and so we could not give her no marks, but she had made it impossible for Anna to ask it, and Anna said that was an act of insubordination that ought to be taken into account. Finally we decided to give her the average, and that put her just one mark behind Miss Slater.

We gave Miss Slater a prize all right, but as we neither of us had much money just then we made her find the book. She has rather a swell French dictionary, and Anna borrowed it. Then she unstuck the lining-paper of the cover, and wrote, underneath, the date, and "To Agnes Ann Slater, as a reward for improvement in her studies, from Miss Esthaven and Miss Fish." Then she stuck the paper down again over the inscription, and returned the book to Miss Slater. At present it is difficult to see Miss Slater using that dictionary without smiling, because, of course, she has no idea of the inscription in it. If that lining-paper ever wants to come unstuck again I hope it will wait until I've left school.

P.S.—I was not frightened when Madame and Miss Slater came into the garden. Only excited. I ought to have made that clearer.

THE END.

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incongruous the witchcraft incidents in it. But there our unfavourable criticism ends. We have nothing but admiration for the story of the High Farm and the Low Farm-house. Their setting amid rustic character and condition is admirable, and done with easy knowledge and confidence. The strange relations between their inmates between Arthur and Lois Skrene on the one side, and Nell and Tant Rideout, with their extraordinary household, on the other are conceived as daringly as justly, and are presented with convincing humour and poignancy. It is seldom that, in a story told with so much delicacy and restraint, we find chapters of such virile force and fun as "With Mr. Pepper's Hounds," and the series describing Tant Rideout's midnight visits to Ben Foat and his wife Deb. In these last, and constantly throughout the story, Mr. Prior takes risks; but he always bears himself safely through. In a word, he has produced a book of quite unusual quality, and we very heartily congratulate him on his achievement.



"HELD!"



A "SCRUM" IN GOAL.



"SCRUM."



"GOAL!"

WITH THE SCOTS GUARDS IN SOUTH AFRICA: A FOOTBALL MATCH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER



Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

"PROCLAIMING THE KING'S CORONATION IN LONDON, JUNE 28: THE CEREMONY AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



PROCLAIMING THE KING'S CORONATION IN LONDON, JUNE 28: THE CEREMONY AT TEMPLE BAR.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

## RECORD PRICES FOR PICTURES AND CABINETS.



LOUIS XV. COMMODE BY JOSEPH, WITH MOUNTS BY CAFFIERI.

SOLD WITH ITS COMPANION FOR £15,000.



LOUIS XV. COMMODE BY JOSEPH, WITH MOUNTS BY CAFFIERI.

SOLD WITH ITS COMPANION FOR £15,000.

Two record events have taken place in London sale-rooms during the past few days. At Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, the portrait of Louisa, Lady Manners, afterwards Countess of Dysart, by John Hoppner, R.A., fetched a price no Hoppner ever fetched before—14,050 guineas. This picture, well known by its engravings, belonged to the late Lady Charles Bruce, and was bought at the splendid figure just quoted by Messrs. Duveen. Hoppner has his own grace and his own greatness, but he has also the historic glory of skirting that group of painters—Reynolds, Gainsborough, and the rest—who were the veritable fathers of the British school. Born in Whitechapel in 1758, he began professional life as a choir-singer, but was not out of his teens when he entered, as a student, the Royal Academy, of which he became an Associate in 1793 and a full member in 1795. He died in London in 1810. His works at Hampton Court, in the National Gallery, and in the National Portrait Gallery are well known; but he has achieved his sensational triumph in the sale-room.

On the same occasion was sold Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Duchess of St. Albans. This picture, which was formerly in the collection of

Lady Laura Tollemache, and afterwards in that of the Marchioness of Ailesbury, was secured for 1600 guineas by Messrs. Colnaghi and Co. The relative values of Lawrences and Hoppners, as decided by auction at the opening of the twentieth century, may be instructively contrasted with those in vogue a century ago. The curiosities of contemporary criticism are unflinching, and the judgment of those of our grandfathers who thought Lawrence the equal of Gainsborough, and set down Gainsborough as very secondary to Reynolds, have their counterparts—which nothing would induce us further to particularise—in the professional and the popular verdicts upon the products of the studios now. Unlike Hoppner, Lawrence was not a Londoner. He was the son of a Bristol inn-keeper, and was born in 1769. He was A.R.A. in 1791, R.A. in 1794, was knighted in 1815, and succeeded West as President in 1820. When Leighton and Millais were laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral, the public remembered that Sir Thomas had found a tomb there seventy years earlier. For two or three decades after his death the value of his works declined. He had "enjoyed a large practice," was the note struck by the writers of his obituary panegyrics; but he had wearied the eye of the world. In this mood the onlooker

passed his pictures by, and allowed his "Miss Farren" to be disposed of for about £80. Then the turn came, and the price fetched the other day shows that Sir Thomas's portraits are still on the ascent in the recovered estimation of the connoisseur.

For furniture as well as pictures the recent sale-room record has been what might be called "phenomenal." The sum of £15,000 was paid at Christie's by Mr. Charles Wertheimer for a pair of Louis XV. cabinets—or commodes—which have stood at Hornby Castle, Yorkshire, for a century or more, the property of the Dukes of Leeds. These two cabinets are small; the fronts are composed of two drawers, in form somewhat swelling towards the centre. The legs are slightly curved. They are of oak, veneered with king and tulip wood, inlaid, and showing a design of floral ornaments. The mountings are of chased ormolu. These precious pieces of furniture bear the signature of Joseph, and the mounts are those of Caffieri. Those great names—as great in their own branch of decorative industry as the names of Hoppner and Lawrence in theirs—account for the hot competition under the hammer. The bidding began at £6000. When it reached £12,000, cheers were raised, and finally the lot fell at £15,000 amid rounds of applause.



LOUISA, LADY MANNERS, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF DYSART.—BY HOPPNER.

SOLD TO MR. DUVEEN FOR £14,752 10s.



THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.—BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

SOLD TO MR. P. D. COLNAGHI FOR £1680.

# THE 1ST SCOTS GUARDS' WAY OUT OF A TRANSPORT DIFFICULTY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER



THE DIFFICULTY: SHEEP REFUSING TO CROSS A DRIFT.

CARRIED AWAY BY THE CURRENT.

A NATIVE "BOY" PROPOSES A LEADER.

THE OLD GOAT LEADS.

THE SCOTS' GUARDS CROSS.

A SOUTH AFRICAN BULLOCK.

THE MAD MULLAH'S RISING IN SOMALILAND.



THE SOMALI HELIOGRAPH: SCOUT SIGNALLING WITH A BURNISHED SHIELD AT SUNRISE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE MAD MULLAH'S RISING IN SOMALILAND.



AT THE WATER-HOLE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

LAST WEEK'S GREAT CHARITY FÊTES IN LONDON.



THE FÊTE AT STAFFORD HOUSE IN AID OF THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION ON JUNE 26.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Prince Rupert the Buccaneer.* By Cutcliffe Hyne. (London: Methuen, 6s.)  
*Claudia Pole.* By Carlton Dawe. (London: Hutchinson, 6s.)  
*A Forbidden Name.* By Fred Wishaw. (London: Chatto and Windus, 6s.)  
*The Helmet of Navarre.* By Bertha Runkle. (London: Macmillan, 6s.)  
*Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places.* Allan Fea. (Bousfield, 10s. 6d.)  
*Five Years of My Life.* By Alfred Dreyfus. (London: George Newnes, 6s.)  
*Naples, Past and Present.* By Arthur H. Norway. (London: Methuen, 6s.)  
*Autobiography of a Journalist.* By W. J. Stillman. Two vols. (London: Grant Richards, 21s.)

"Prince Rupert the Buccaneer" will not sustain the reputation of the author of "Captain Kettle." The Kettle series of stories were interesting because they were not a mere collection of incidents and happenings, but because they were woven round a curious and vivid personality. It was the man we cared for as much as what he did. In all books it is the quality of the man, not the quality of his adventures, that arrests us. As one truly humorous character faithfully developed will illuminate a book more than a thousand isolated jokes, so one well-conceived figure of romance, like d'Artagnan, will glorify a novel more than a thousand improbable adventures. Even the sensational novelist, then, would do well to have an eye to character; it is character, and that alone, that makes the incidents live. In "Captain Kettle" Mr. Hyne observed that rule. Kettle was interesting, and that made all he did interesting. It is quite otherwise with "Prince Rupert the Buccaneer." He is incredible in himself to begin with, and therefore we feel that all he does is incredible. Not believing in him, we fail to believe in his adventures. Not that these adventures are badly told. Mr. Hyne is a deft enough workman of the mechanical school, and he can spin you a yarn as cleverly as any other of the unintellectuals. The book will have its little day; but it is material fiction (as we may call that fiction which is opposed to the fiction of the mind), and it is not very good at that.

"Claudia Pole" is another of Mr. Carlton Dawe's "creations." "Creations" is a word, we believe, usually applied to millinery. The more appropriate to the novels of Mr. Carlton Dawe. Mr. Dawe, we admit at once, is a deft milliner. He can turn you out something very like a hat out of nothing but a few old ornaments. For, to tell the truth, the ornaments are very old. The beauty, poor but proud, despising her unworthy lover's proposal (though she loves him); his despair; her access of wealth and power by means of a beneficent and melodramatic uncle, whom we have often seen on the boards of the Adelphi; the lover's atonement on the battlefield—of Ladysmith, of course; the lady's forgiveness and the wedding-bells—oh, how often have we seen these same old puppets dancing to the same old tune! For the rest, Mr. Dawe's taste is somewhat crude. He has little perception of the *mot propre*. He makes a gentle old lady "blush consumedly." Still, the book is good enough reading for those to whom work of the kind appeals.

The historical romance with which we are so largely favoured to-day is apt to be rather a tame affair. It is full of incidents which ought to excite us, but somehow do not. The men in it are very splendid or else very terrible fellows; and frequently have the advantage of high-sounding names; but, in truth, they do not impress us in the least by their valour, or their rascality, or even their titles. As for the heroines, we too often find ourselves under the necessity of excusing their bad manners (not to say their morals) by the thought of the dark ages into which it was their happy fortune to be born. We do not wish to be unfair to Mr. Fred Wishaw in descending from this general condemnation upon the particular case of "A Forbidden Name." "A Forbidden Name" is a story of the Court of Catherine of Russia, told by the Countess Zora Levine, a heroine more enterprising, perhaps, than explicable. It is full of adventure—some of it quite good adventure. The characters, many of them, are characters out of history; most of them are drawn with some care, several of them with considerable success. But it has, in its measure, the fault referred to above—it wants life and the fever of romance. Nothing in it stirs us. It would not cost us a thought though we had to close it midway and never learn whether the Prince Ivan succeeded in getting out of the Schlüsselburg. We are not particularly gratified by being permitted to follow the Countess Zora's fortunes into the arms of the man who comes from nowhere, Vasilief—a bad rascal. And surely to inspire in the reader an interest in its characters is the first quality requisite in a historical romance.

Still another addition to the body of Navarre Romance which has grown so bulky in America within the last few years! "The Helmet of Navarre," as Miss Bertha Runkle names her story, has, indeed, but little to do with Henry. His Majesty is in the background until the very end, and, when he does appear, is a trifle skittish, and neither so witty nor so courteous in the presence of the heroine as the author would have us believe. However, the said heroine, Lorraine de Montluc, cousin to my Lord Mayenne, finds him the greatest king in the world, and we need not dispute the point with her, the more that before reaching that conclusion we follow her through as whirling a succession of adventure as ever fell to reader's fortune within the limits of a six-shilling romance. Duels, disguises, fights, surprises, brawls, underground passages, haunted houses, traitors, rascals, assassins, not to speak of the finest flowers of chivalry and the hardiest plants of homely virtue—we have them all here in full measure, with an abundant dressing of historic sauce. For those who like this kind of dish, we commend with confidence Miss Runkle's production. We confess we find a good many things in it—Lorraine's inspiration in the matter of the countersign, for example—rather difficult to swallow. But doubtless they will manage.

Mr. Allan Fea, who will be remembered for his painstaking work, "The Flight of the King," in which he traced step by step the wanderings of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, has found a kindred, although less concentrated subject, in his new work, "Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places." Wherever the hunted Cavalier or recusant priest may have lurked in the shelter of an ancient manor-house, there Mr. Fea has gone to study the ingenious contrivance of spring and panel and false chimney-corner which afforded a very present help in trouble. His first chapter sketches the career of the Jesuit Nicholas Owen, servant of Father Garnet, who



CHASLETON, OXFORDSHIRE.

Reproduced from "Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places," by permission of Mr. Bousfield.

was a great deviser of priests' holes; and the more or less ingeniously contrived hiding-places at Compton Wynyates, Boscobel, Oxborough Hall, and many other ancient houses have been recorded and depicted by the author's pen and pencil. About the secret chamber at Chasleton, Oxfordshire, he tells an excellent story. In the days of the Civil War, Chasleton was the home of the Cavalier, Captain Arthur Jones, who, after an engagement, fled thither with a band of Round-heads at his heels. He hid in the secret room which opened from the principal bed-room, in which apartment, for some reason best known to themselves, the pursuers



THE SECRET CHAMBER AT CHASLETON.

Reproduced from "Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places," by permission of the Publisher.

resolved to pass the night. Mrs. Jones sent them up an ample supper with an abundance of drugged wine, which wrought so effectually with the worthy Parliamentarians that they were soon all stretched on the floor. The good lady then picked her way over the prostrate bodies to the secret chamber and released her husband, who made good his escape. It is a pity that in point of literary style the book does not reach the same level as it does in interest.

"Five Years of My Life," the book in which Captain Dreyfus relates the story of his tragic condemnation and imprisonment, is sure of many English readers. But it is not a great book. Rarely do we come across a phrase or idea above the commonplace. It leaves us with the impression that, while Captain Dreyfus is a man of unconquerable will, his intelligence is that of an honest mediocrity. There is no variety in the record of his woes. Every entry in his diary is marked by the same complaints about his health and miserable situation, the same outcries

for the justice denied him, the same brooding despair. The effect of this on the reader is that, even while he pities, he is bored. During all the time that Captain Dreyfus remained on Devil's Island, one page of his life was exactly like another page. Read one page and you read them all. But, curiously, the very thing that makes the book tedious increases enormously your compassion for its author. If we feel depressed and wretched in the mere perusal of these repeated woes, if the slow monotony of it all afflicts us with a profound lassitude and sense of ennui, if the deadly sameness of each day's misery becomes intolerable even to the reader, what must the actual sufferer have felt who had to endure the maddening repetition of the days? We are not surprised that even his iron will sometimes broke down, and that thoughts of suicide flitted across his brain. But after every outburst of despair he swore with renewed courage he would live to clear his name. No one can fail to admire that iron courage amid incredible suffering. As it dignified his life, so it dignifies his book. In every other respect the book is commonplace. On one occasion only do his wrongs wring from his heart an exclamation that is great literature. "Why cannot they cut out my heart," he cries, "and see that it is clean?" Shakspeare might have said it. The cry is profoundly dramatic and profoundly true.

It is not easy in this year of grace to say anything new about Naples and its environs, but it is possible to present in an acceptable volume a brief history of the most interesting places and a personal impression of the country and its people. Mr. Norway has done this, and has found the happy mean between the uninspiring catalogue of facts presented by guide-books and the purely technical works of men who have devoted themselves to the art work or ruins of the country. No little effort is required to construct the Naples of the poet or painter from the beggar-ridden, vicious city of to-day, and though there is much to be said in favour of popular tours, the tourist has been as destructive as a locust to Neapolitan Italy. He has made Vesuvius vulgar, reduced the authorities to the necessity of enclosing excavated Pompeii, and setting a guard to see that fragments of house or temple are not demolished; his voice makes strange, unpleasant echoes in Capri, Sorrento, and Castellamare. Some of us may be driven to forget history in the surroundings that professional beggars and irrepressible tourists have created; but Mr. Norway has seen beyond these modern imperfections, and has written of the country with sympathy and judgment. If there is one fault to be found with him, it lies in the discovery for the world at large of secret places known to the few who love the South of Italy, but have no affection for the noisy section of its visitors. The story of the little villages yet undisturbed is told, their exact position is defined. If Mr. Norway's book is read as it should be, these retreats will disappear, will join hands with the well-known places "whereunto the tribes of men assemble." A word of praise is due to the illustrations, reproductions from water-colour drawings by Arthur Ferard.

Everything by turns and nothing long would be an inaccurate description of Mr. Stillman, although he has been many things by turns. Artist, journalist, spiritualist: these tolerably comprehensive terms cover part of his career, but leave a considerable margin. For a time Mr. Stillman was American Consul at Rome, and for a time he was a conspirator with Kossuth, and for a time he was a special investigator of political mysteries. It is almost a bewildering versatility that is disclosed in Mr. Stillman's volumes, and yet the total impression is one of extreme simplicity and impartial benevolence. Only once is Mr. Stillman in what may be called a temper. When he was Consul at Rome he saw much of Charlotte Cushman, and was treated by her as a deadly enemy. It is difficult to associate Mr. Stillman with the idea of deadliness; but this was the idea Miss Cushman had about him, possibly on account of her histrionic temperament. Mr. Stillman reciprocated her hostility with the nearest approach to hearty dislike of which his nature is capable. He paints her as an unscrupulous intriguer, and you feel that if she had lived in the time of Lucrezia Borgia, she would have poisoned Mr. Stillman, had he been a contemporary. Not even a Turkish Pasha of the old school makes such sinister appeal to the imagination as does Miss Cushman in Mr. Stillman's pages. He knew several Pashas very well. There was a Grand Vizier who not only made promises to Mr. Stillman, but actually kept them, and went so far as to spend money on his behalf. This testifies to Mr. Stillman's personal magnetism. Moreover, although the Cretan Moslems thought him a meddlesome infidel during his stay in Crete, they had a great respect for his opinion. For many years a correspondent of the *Times*, he was in the habit of giving advice to foreign statesmen, and occasionally they paid him the compliment of taking it. Mr. Stillman represented the *Times* at Rome, and frequently spoke his mind to Signor Crispi. He still regards Crispi as the best of the later Italian statesmen. When his journal was engaged in its duel with Mr. Parnell, Mr. Stillman was sent on a special mission to America, and had the gratification of knowing that his life was threatened by Fenians. He had played the conspirator in his youth, for he was entrusted by Kossuth with a dangerous service at Buda-Pest, where he discovered that Kossuth, although a sincere patriot, was a very clumsy plotter. It may be questioned whether Mr. Stillman himself was cut out either for that business or for the business of a detective. But he took everything as it came with genial fatalism. Not the least interesting part of his book describes his relations with Ruskin, Rossetti, Swinburne, and William Morris. There is, in short, a good deal of observation in Mr. Stillman's autobiography, and yet it does not touch any momentous issues of experience. A kind of passionless detachment distinguishes the whole, except in the passages about Charlotte Cushman. We cannot help wishing that she had harassed Mr. Stillman from the beginning of his life, for when she is on the scene she certainly animates the narrative.



THE CHARITY FAIR AT THE TOWER GARDENS, FARRIS COURT, IN AID OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' FAMILIES ASSOCIATION

ILLUSTRATION BY J. H. ESTE

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Three decades after the conclusion of the Treaty of Frankfurt, there is a peaceful invasion of the Fatherland by motor-men belonging to the nation which up to a recent date refused to be comforted for the loss practically of two of her provinces, swore by all her gods not to abandon her idea of revenge, abused those of her sons and daughters who for ethical or æsthetic purposes set foot on the hated German soil, and gave the world the impression that the mere thought of cordial intercourse between Teutons and Gauls, as far as the latter were concerned, was nothing less than sacrilege. At the same time there comes from the country or countries of the victors, if not an unmistakable wail of commercial insolvency, at least most alarming reports of widespread financial instability. Of course, wiseacres say they have foreseen this, and some even go so far as to insist upon having predicted the probable crash. Odd to relate, we in England, at any rate, do not particularly remember those prophecies. On the contrary, during the last lustre we have been treated to numberless essays on the superiority of Germany in all that pertains to commercial enterprise.

There is no doubt that with all our goodwill towards the Germans, many—notably those engaged in industrial rivalry with them—will not be altogether displeased at the palpable evidence of their having overshot the mark. They will attribute the blame solely to commercial greed, to risky speculation and over-production, induced by such greed; and to a certain extent those critics, self-satisfied or otherwise, will have put their fingers upon one of the sores, though by no means on the most dangerous one. Germany has been greedy only as far as the alien contributor to her wealth was to be bled. Had she continued her long traditions of frugality at home, she would not be in the present quandary. During those thirty years of which I spoke just now, France had many commercial and financial failures; the *Krachs* of a score of years ago was bad enough, but its disastrous effects were of short duration, owing, in the first place, to her natural resources; in the second, to her people's accumulated wealth, which, whether the times be prosperous or the reverse, is never spent lavishly in the provinces.

With the exception of a comparatively small quantity of the juice of the grape, Germany has no natural products to export. France for perhaps a decade was an excellent customer to her for her beer—which is not altogether a natural product—and then France began to brew her own. It is but fair to state that the French barley-brew, to those who are not wedded to the more powerful English beverage, is excellent. I have no statistics to go by, but I should say that Germany has just enough of dairy farm produce, fruit, and vegetables for herself. France has more than enough for herself, and consequently a good deal to spare for others; and I believe that such exports, together with minerals, are the most profitable to a nation. Germany, having few, if any, natural products, turned her attention to new channels of manufacture, and increased the old. Once upon a time, France was also an excellent customer for the cheaper kind of toys, the more expensive ones being manufactured in Paris with matchless skill and matchless taste. At present the humbler kind of *jouets* are made in Paris, and are better finished and as cheap. The same may be said with regard to briar-root and meerschaum pipes. German fancy writing-papers, Christmas cards, and kindred wares are still despatched largely; but they find only a small market in France.

Thus far the smaller items of industrial ingeniousness. When Germany began to manufacture mantles and dresses, she was virtually bound, after having borrowed her models from France, to undersell the whole world. Sixteen years ago she had already succeeded in establishing an export trade in those commodities alone to the amount of sixteen millions of marks. Since then the trade has gone on increasing, at what cost to the morality of the larger centres in which they are manufactured I do not care to state: my inquiries to that effect in Berlin and elsewhere but a few years ago warned me not to tread lightly upon that unsafe ground. The worst of it was that in a very short time the knowing women of Europe and America learned to distinguish between "French models" and German imitations, and refused to be mulcted for the latter to the same tune they paid for the others. The middleman, not to particularise, unable to get extravagant prices for wares indifferently and sometimes clumsily put together, communicated with the factors, and threatened to remove his custom unless prices were very materially reduced—which was done. I might continue this summary for ever so many pages, but I wish to come to the second argument of my theme.

Meanwhile the German manufacturers and financiers, and the nondescripts hanging on to the coat-tails of the latter, promoted all kinds of limited liability companies, and began to live as, before the war, the princes of the reigning houses had scarcely lived. It was, without being unduly offensive, the case of "the beggar on horseback." There are, only to mention Berlin, about half-a-dozen first-class restaurants there. In distant days there was always room and to spare. Within the last decade one has had to engage a table beforehand. Before the war the German youth and maiden, if they wished for a bouquet for any ceremonious or festive purpose, either gathered it in the gardens of a friend or paid an unimportant sum for it in some popular market. There are at present about half-a-dozen florists in Unter den Linden and in the Friedrichstrasse, the total of whose returns amounts to a quarter of a million marks per annum. And as in small matters so in the larger. The crisis in Germany proceeds from the abandonment of the erstwhile frugality of all classes, which has brought in its wake cheap manufacturing, with higher wages for certain workmen—though not for all—and headlong luxury for many who were unused to it and did not know where to stop in time.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

ALPHA.—Your letter is very interesting, and the little reminiscence it contained took us back to the old days. There is no failure with you in this case, even after fifty years.

A C M (Valparaiso).—The problem is quite right. If Black King take P at B 6th, 2. Q to R 8th (ch), and Black King cannot go as you suggest to Q 2nd, but to Q B 2nd, where Bishop mates.

C B (Binglewade).—We regret the lack of encouragement. Your problem has not been overlooked, and we hope will be published shortly.

W L (Edinburgh).—While unfortunately there are two ways of solving No. 2982, as only two of our solvers have discovered, not one of your three ways will answer.

FRANK CLARKE.—Both diagrams received with thanks. We have destroyed the earlier one.

E W BERNELL.—Problem shall have early attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2971 and 2975 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2976 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and C A M (Penang); of No. 2977 from C A M (Penang) and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 2978 from A R Boyne (Bombay); of No. 2979 from Percy Charles (New York); of No. 2981 from F B (Worthing), F W Gilman (Liverpool), and Maurice Whittingham; of No. 2982 from C M A B, T Roberts, Sorrento, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2983 received from Alice Hawkesworth (Welshpool), R Worters (Canterbury), L Bartel (Hampstead), F W Gilman (Liverpool), Sinclair, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Maurice Whittingham, C E Perugini, W Isaac (Sheerness), Edith Corser (Reigate), C M A B, Eva Overton, G Stillingsfleet Johnson (Cobham), W H Bohn (Worthing), Dr. Tidswell (Morecambe), F H Marsh (Bridport), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), J Penfold, Martin F. Edith Winter (Croydon), Albert Wolff (Putney), H Le Jeune, C E H (Clifton), E Rashleigh, Alpha, Frank Clarke (Bingham), H S Brandreth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H E Lees (Kensington), T Roberts, F W Moore (Brighton), Shadforth, E J Winter Wood, F Dalby, Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), Sorrento, W A A Barnard (Uppingham), F J S (Hampstead), G W R (Rainhill), C W Sumner, Henry A Donovan (Listowel), J F Moon, W A Lillio (Edinburgh), J Hall, A B Nunes (Brook Green), and Hereward.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2982.—By A. B. C. (Hampstead).

WHITE.

1. R to Q 8th
2. Q to R 7th
3. R or Q mates.

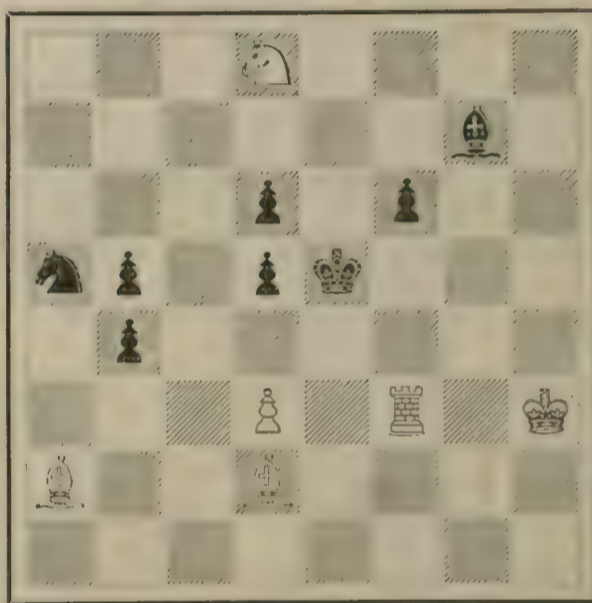
BLACK.

- R takes B P
- K or Kt moves

There is another solution by 1. Q takes P, B takes Q; 2. B to Kt 7th, any move; 3. R mates. If Black play 1. R takes B P, 2. Q takes R, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2984.—By D. MACKAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS AT CAMBRIDGE.

Game played between Messrs. A. BURN and W. H. GUNSTON.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. B takes Kt	P takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. Kt takes K P	
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd		
4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd		
5. Castles	Kt to B 3rd		
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd		
7. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd		
8. B to R Kt 5th	P to R 3rd		
9. B takes K Kt			
After this White seems to get a decided superiority, and the game affords an interesting illustration of the pitfalls that abound in this opening.			
10. Kt to Q 5th	Q takes B		
11. P takes P	Q to Q sq		
	P takes P		

## CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. H. E. WRIGHT and C. J. LAMBERT.

(English Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	17. Q R to B sq	Kt to B 2nd
2. P to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th	18. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd
Presumably White started with a desire for an original game, in which case his wish is gratified.		19. P to Q R 4th	P to Kt 3rd
3. P to Q B 4th	P to Q 5th	20. B to Q Kt 4th	K R to Q sq
4. P takes P	P takes P	21. B to K B 3rd	Q R to B sq
5. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Kt 3rd	22. B to B 6th	Kt to Kt 2nd
6. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	23. Q to B 3rd	R to Kt sq
7. P to Q 3rd	P to Kt 4th	24. K R to K sq	Q to B 2nd
8. B to K 2nd	Kt to K R 3rd	25. P to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 4th
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	26. Q to K 2nd	P to B 5th
10. Q Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 3rd	27. P to Kt 4th	B to B 3rd
A part of the novelty, which can hardly be described, is that the White Knight is at R 3rd, instead of, as usual, at B 3rd, commanding the centre of the board.		28. Kt to Q 2nd	P to K R 3rd
11. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to B 2nd	29. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd
12. P to Kt 5th	Kt to K 3rd	30. Kt to K 4th	B to K 2nd
13. B to Q B sq	Q to B 2nd	31. P to B 6th	
14. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt takes Kt		
15. B takes Kt	P to B 4th		
16. Castles	B to K 3rd		

The Great Eastern Railway Company has ordered a new twin-screw steamer for their Harwich-Antwerp route to the Continent. She will be similar to the *Colchester*, now running on this service, but with improved saloon accommodation for passengers, and is being built by Messrs. Gourlay Brothers and Co., of Dundee, who are also constructing a new cargo-steamer for the Harwich-Rotterdam service.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I often think that the humanising influence of science is nowhere more typically witnessed than in the deep interest in living things which a study such as botany is calculated to impart. By "botany" I do not imply the colourless, dreary rounds of lessons which consist in merely naming plants, and especially in writing down their Latin appellations in a correct fashion. Plant-life is not to be known by names alone. It must be studied in its relation to the ways and works of the living things, so that we get to know them intimately in their vital aspects. As an American writer has well put it, "You can only know the plant when you have been taught to love it, and to love it you must become well acquainted with its daily life, its season of hope and flowering, as well as its end in the golden autumn of its days." I should hope botany is taught to many children nowadays by earnest teachers who have been themselves imbued with the spirit of nature-study that sees in each plant a living thing.

Professors Miall and Meldola have been writing in *Nature* and in other journals on the depletion of flowers and rare plants, which they urge will follow the advice of the Essex Technical Instruction Committee, given by way of directing field studies in natural history. Mr. Miall says the Essex teachers are thus "invited to make a systematic raid upon our wild flowers, and especially upon such as are tending to extinction." He is very severe on the idea that the teachers are to collect, name, and dry not only single specimens, but duplicates for preservation, presumably for demonstration and reference. The Professor earnestly hopes the Essex teachers will "fail to discover the things which they most covet," and adds that there is "no science in all this drying and naming." Exactly. That is just my own contention—namely, that if you never get beyond the process of desiccating plants and labelling them, to speak of botanical teaching is out of the question. Professor Meldola, who is a member of the committee, agrees with Mr. Miall, but denies that the programme is officially authorised; and Mr. Miall himself learns (as he tells us in a footnote) that only advanced students will be allowed to see the rare plants of the New Forest. "It is not stated," he concludes, "whether they will be allowed to gather them."

Nobody will disagree with the opinion that the ruthless extinction of our rarer wild plants would be an irreparable injury alike to science and to the lover of nature. But what I see beyond Mr. Miall's objection to, and criticism of, the Essex programme is a want of definite statement regarding what is essential for botanical teaching. I am afraid, if his views go forth baldly stated as he gives them, he will lead uninstructed people to imagine exactly the opposite of what he desires them to think. In other words, he will be apt to strengthen the erroneous idea that because somebody or other on the Essex committee, or connected with it, is desirous of having herbaria for reference, this collecting and labelling constitutes botanical study of the best order. Nothing will be further from Professor Miall's thoughts than this. I say so because I know how earnest a teacher and how keen a lover of nature he is. All I suggest is that people will be apt to say that botany will ruin the forest glades and deplete the hedgerows, and that therefore the study is one to be condemned.

The true art of teaching botany—and a love of nature for nature's sake—is to use common material, and the more common the plants you use, the more readily will your object be attained. Take the lessons that a primrose may teach anybody anxious to know something of the ways of plant life. There is the flower, its shape, its colour, and its modifications. Then there is the wondrous history of its fertilisation. The story of the insect ministers who visit long-styled flowers and carry off the pollen to the short-styled ones is as marvellous as anything one can listen to as a scientific chronicle of patient observation. Darwin, in his "Forms of Flowers," and Lord Avebury have told us this story. They have shown us how this cross-fertilisation gives us more numerous seeds and stronger offspring than if each kind of primrose fertilised itself. And then out of these materials you learn the further lesson, how variation is favoured in this way, and how the process of evolution is worked out in the plant world.

All this a teacher may demonstrate with a bunch of primroses; and primroses are not rare flowers, for the fate of which Professor Miall may tremble. I should say much the same of a deadnettle, the history of whose fertilisation is equally remarkable, whether we think of how the flower invites its own special insect friends, or how it keeps out unbidden guests, in the shape of ants greedy of honey, but unable to return any favour for a free breakfast-table. A pea and a rose, an apple-blossom and a pansy, a wall-flower and a common orchis—these are the materials which a teacher will utilise to the full in instructing his lads and lasses. Only, the teacher must know his business. That is a *sine quâ non*; and to know his business means that he must himself have been taught to see in each plant the cardinal points of its history, and, more to the purpose, the best mode of showing forth these points to his pupils.

I have made this little protest of mine greatly led by the fear before named that people may think that rare flowers and plants are needed for botanical teaching, and that this great nature-study is necessarily destructive of the very forms it is its business to conserve. Anything which tends, even in an unwitting fashion, to depreciate botanical study in the public mind must prove to be as great a hardship to science as it is injurious to the best interests of public culture. So far from injuring rare plants, I take it that the tendencies of science-study lie all in the direction of their preservation. It is not your botanist or nature-lover who wantonly digs up ferns and despoils the glades. His own demands on nature are modest enough, as I have shown, and to his care we owe not a few of the rarer living things that survive the hand of the tripping iconoclast.

# PASSION PLAY BY INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. CAPLE AND CO., VANCOUVER.



PROCESSION OF CHRISTIAN INDIAN GIRLS AT THE PASSION PLAY.

PROCESSION OF INDIANS AT A FORMER PASSION PLAY.

THE NATIVITY SCENE AT CHILLIWACK.

SCENE FROM A FORMER PASSION PLAY AT THE FRASER RIVER.

CRUCIFIXION SCENE FROM THE PASSION PLAY AT CHILLIWACK, JUNE 1901.



MR. A. E. MANSELL'S SHROPSHIRE RAM: FIRST-PRIZE.

DUKE OF RICHMOND'S SOUTHDOWN RAM: FIRST-PRIZE AND CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE KING'S SHORTHORN BULL, "ROYAL DUKE": FIRST PRIZE AND CHAMPIONSHIP.

MR. A. H. E. WOOD'S SUFFOLK FILLY, "SUDBOURN TRINKET": FIRST PRIZE.

MESSRS. THOMPSON'S SHIRE STALLION, "DESFORD COMBINATION": FIRST PRIZE AND CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE CATTLE SHOW AT CARDIFF: THE ROYAL PRIZE WINNER AND OTHERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOWDEN.



MR. EVELYN B. BALDWIN, COMMANDER  
(ON THE LADDER) AND CAPTAIN JOHANSON.



MR. LONG (ON THE LEFT), SURVIVOR  
OF GREELEY'S EXPEDITION.



DR. VERNER (ON THE LEFT); MR. HARE,  
SCIENTIFIC STAFF (ON THE RIGHT).



THE "AMERICA."



THE MAIN DECK OF THE "AMERICA."

THE BALDWIN-ZIEGLER POLAR EXPEDITION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WATT AND SON, DUNDEE.

THE MOORISH EMBASSY AT LONDON  
DOCKS.

On June 24 the members of the Moorish Embassy enjoyed a voyage from Tilbury to the Nore Lightship, and thence up the Thames and through the Royal Albert Dock and the Victoria Dock, and on to London Bridge. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Forwood received the picturesque visitors on behalf of the Morocco, Canary, and Madeira Line of steamers, and the other guests of the day included

Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., our Minister at the Court of Morocco, Sir Fitzroy and Lady Maclean, and Sir Dudley Forwood. The *Orotava*, one of the finest of the company's line of steamers, was built by Messrs. William Dobson and Co., and is designed to carry about 2400 tons and about forty first-class passengers. Her engines are by Messrs. J. Dickinson and Sons. The sleeping accommodation is on the main deck amidships, the rooms being remarkably large and airy. All the fittings are of the newest and most convenient class.

The furniture leaves nothing to be desired to Western taste, though, on the occasion of the visit of the Moors, the usual chairs and tables were removed, and in their place appeared divans and coffee-tables and brass trays, supplied by Messrs. Maple. The Embassy bears back as an offering to the Sultan of Morocco from the Morocco, Canary, and Madeira Line a gilt-silver bowl, on which is engraved a representation of the *Orotava* and an appropriate inscription. Altogether the occasion was one which must leave pleasant impressions with the Sultan's envoys.



Photo. D'Inter and Thomas.

THE STEAM-SHIP "OROTAVA," ON BOARD WHICH THE MOORISH EMBASSY SAILED FROM TILBURY TO THE NORE ON JUNE 24.

## LADIES' PAGE.

Stafford House was shown to the public for payment on June 26, the Duke and Duchess lending their home for the evening in the sacred cause of charity. It is really dreadful to hear that the income of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was diminished by no less than £11,000 in consequence of the number of war-charity appeals to which the public responded during the past year. The idea of any serious reduction being made in the work of the Life-Boat Institution is hardly conceivable. Yet if the revenue declines so seriously, there can be but one result. The special branch of the life-boat work for which Stafford House was shown was the "Life-Boat Saturday Fund," the purpose of which is to assist the widows and children of life-boat men who lose their lives in active service; to give grants to the men themselves when injured; and to provide pensions for



BLUE SERGE COSTUME FOR THE RIVER.

worn-out workers and rewards for specially meritorious services. The charge for admission to Stafford House was two guineas, in which sandwiches, strawberries, and "cup" were included by way of light supper; but to view the famous picture gallery it was necessary to make a further payment of a guinea for the concert. The floral decorations were beautiful, the banks of pink roses especially so; and the grounds, where Mr. Ben Greet's company gave one of their famous open-air performances of Shakspeare, were charmingly illuminated. As the attendance was very large, the sum cleared will doubtless be considerable; indeed, I hear that over £5000 was raised. But it falls short of the amount required, and therefore it has been arranged that those sympathising with the noble object, and not able to attend the fête, shall have an opportunity of assisting the funds now by purchasing a copy of the Souvenir of the fête. This is a neat little volume containing a description of Stafford House and pictures of its principal apartments, and also portraits of several ladies interested in the fête, foremost among them her Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra, of whom, in her State robes and crown, there is a photogravure after a lovely photograph by Messrs. Downey. The Baroness de Bertouche has contributed a poem that will make an excellent recitation. Besides all this, a perfectly novel idea is introduced into this souvenir in the shape of a coupon entitling the holder to have a photograph taken at one of the leading photographers, and to receive three copies free of charge: a photographer is to be found to honour this coupon in all the chief towns. It is plain, therefore, that you will get more than the value of your half-guinea if you send that amount for a copy of the souvenir to the Secretary, Life-Boat Saturday Fund, Adelphi House, Strand.

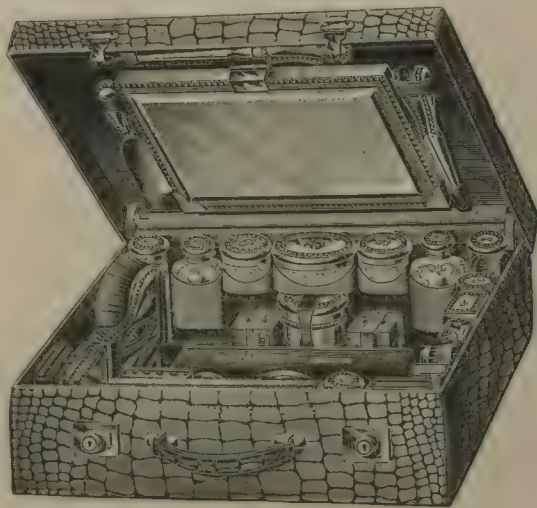
The fête was quite one of the fashionable events of the season; the "great ladies" were present in numbers, and all wore their diamonds. The effect was brilliant in the extreme. The Duchess of Sutherland was in white crêpe-de-Chine. The Countess of Erne sat for a long time in one of the great gilded

arm-chairs at the foot of the staircase; she was dressed in black lace over satin, and was talking to Lady Ancaster, who wore black net laid over satin, and richly embroidered with steel and silver sequins in an effective lightening design. The Marchioness of Londonderry stood for some time at the foot of the stairs, her magnificent necklace of pearls and diamonds and her tall tiara brightening the effect of her gown of black satin with white lace sleevelets and fichu. Specially beautiful were the pearls of the Duchess of Marlborough, worn in a rope, falling over a bodice of net embroidered like armour with jet sequins; the skirt was similarly treated at the top, while beneath the jet tunic was a froth of flouncelets in lace and chiffon. The lady now known as Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, once as Lady Randolph Churchill, had a very long train of white satin, embroidered all round with silver. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who has generously worked so hard as the hon. secretary to secure the success of the evening, was attired in a beautiful lace dress over white satin, and wore a strikingly handsome diamond tiara. One of the few dresses that was neither black nor white was donned by the Countess of Lonsborough; it was of pearl-grey satin, very beautifully embroidered with grey chenille and pink ribbon-work; some fine black lace was added. Lady Tweedmouth also wore grey satin, embroidered with silver sequins. Lady Faudel Phillips had a black net dress over satin, with much silver embroidery on the skirt. There were a great many pretty young "maidens of high degree" present, selling the souvenir above described. They were all gowned in white, and all wore a large rosette of dark blue satin ribbon at the bust. Their white frocks, however, comprised many materials and designs. Lady Marjorie Hamilton-Gordon wore white spotted silk muslin; Lady Mabel Crichton's white silk muslin had a suggestion of a silver design over its surface, and was worn with a wreath of field-daisies; while Lady Helen Stewart was in white satin partially draped with chiffon, and had a diamond bird in her coiffure.

A great many of the best-dressed women present wore the hair dressed low, in a chignon at the nape of the neck. With this it was fashionable to wear a wreath of flowers laid across the head, if a tiara was not donned. One lady wore a flat band of diamonds right across her brow, with a "bob-jewel" pendent therefrom; another had a cluster of hydrangeas at each ear, and a string of pearls across the head.

Pearls are almost indispensable at present to a fashionable appearance; deep dog-collars, held in place by diamond slides, dividing popularity with "ropes," loosely twisted round the throat. Of course the company was very mixed, no references or patronesses' introductions being asked from purchasers of tickets, as is usual at charity fêtes held in evenings. There were many high-necked dresses and hats worn, and also some charming evening costumes, in the best taste, by the large contingent of American ladies, whose characteristic accent was heard at every turn. Among the best gowns may be noted the following: a black gauze encrusted with grenadine flowers appliqué by the aid of gold thread; a white tulle upon satin worked all over with crystal embroideries, and finished on the bodice with rose-point lace as a vest and berthe; a white soft silk, with front of fine Brussels lace, trimmed down the skirt in lines with diamond-like passementerie, this also composing a high belt, above which lace made the low bodice, brightened by a cluster of pink roses at the bust. There was a mousseline-de-soie with lines made of applications of roses in crenonne decoupée, inserted alternately with lines of lace; and there was a white voile having entredeux of lace over yellow satin. Sequins certainly have held their own in full favour this year. Several excellent gowns had tunics of coat-of-mail sequins, with a frou-frou of small flounces under; in addition to these, innumerable toilettes were more or less embroidered with spangles. A very handsome dress was of white grenadine, on which were outlines of leaves in black chenille, the veinings being put in in jet sequins; round the feet were seven or eight narrow frills in white, each frill edged with sequins. Painted gauze made another of the most distinguished costumes. The design was tiger-lilies, and they were separated by lines of white crystal embroideries down the full depth of the skirt; the bolero was painted gauze, with underbodice of the crystal embroidered gauze.

Another somewhat less costly appeal in the name of charity was made last week in the shape of a great sale at the Earl's Court Exhibition. The object in this case was the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association,



A SUPERB DRESSING-CASE AT DREW'S.

which assists the wives and children of the men who are at the front. The contents of the stalls were, for the most part, of the ordinary description; but there were some novelties—such as war relics in the shape of spent cartridges, and so on, made into pencil-cases, cigar-lighters, and many other useful objects; paper-knives and toys manufactured by Boer prisoners; Welsh farmhouse treasures of old carved oak; grandfathers' clocks and curious china, and a brass bowl made in a torpedo-factory. The Duchess of Devonshire took an active part in the sale, her dress being a very elegant one of soft black net embroidered with jet and trimmed with lace insertions. The Duchess of Marlborough also wore an entirely black gown in voile, with transparent lace sleeves, and a ruffle of black and white intermixed. Lady Lonsdale looked very nice in a dress of black-and-white foulard, with a white chiffon vest, and a hat of chiffon trimmed with purple lilac. Georgiana, Lady Dudley, relieved her black dress with a yoke of white, while



BLUE SERGE GOWN, TRIMMED WITH WHITE CLOTH.

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West was all in white, spotted silk muslin over batiste being the material. The young Countess of Cromartie was also in white muslin encrusted with lace, and a black picture-hat completed her costume. There is nothing more becoming than the combination of a white gown and black hat for a youthful matron.

This week we have Illustrations of very useful boating or seaside costumes in blue serge. The spotted tie and belt give style to the gown plainly braided in white. The other dress has a sailor-collar in white cloth, and the tucked blouse that appears beneath the bolero is decorated with a band of white lace.

Now that holidays are becoming of the most pressing interest, we naturally begin to consider whether we own enough of the inevitable impedimenta of travel—trunks and dressing-bags and tea and luncheon baskets. Messrs. Drew, of Piccadilly Circus, have an immense stock of all such requisites. They have just completed a rarely beautiful dressing-case for an American lady. The case itself is of dark green crocodile-skin lined with crushed morocco, and the fittings, which include every article that the most exigent lady can desire, are of eighteen-carat gold. Many of the articles are beautifully chased, and the glass is exquisitely engraved. A dear little eight-day clock, an inkstand and blotter, curling-tongs and spirit-lamp, a jewel-case, bottles for perfumes and essences, a puff-box that can never spill its contents (since it has a screw-top lined with cork), and every other possible convenience are found in the case. In the travelling afternoon tea-baskets and luncheon-baskets, for which the name of Drew is specially famous, some improvements in detail have lately been introduced, such as the sandwich-cases pulling out like drawers instead of having to be lifted out and opened one after another. No better arrangements could be devised than are found in these luncheon-cases of Messrs. Drew's, whether fitted up for two or a dozen persons; they are perfect for river or picnic or travel.

FILOMENA.

# THE HONEY OF WISDOM.

We Gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.

## NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—Milton.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—

LORD LYTTON.

## EXPERIENCE.

"Our acts our judgments are, or good or ill,

Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."—OLD SONNET.

For some Wise Cause, Experience HAS PROVED! before Perfection and True Balance in ANYTHING can be ATTAINED, There MUST BE MANY SWINGS of THE PENDULUM! To OPPOSITE

### EXTREMES.

WITH YOUR BACK TO THE FIELD AND YOUR FEET TO YOUR FOE! NEVER SAY DIE TO ANY DILEMMA!!!

### MORAL—

A Wise Paradise.

Nature's Laws.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest Live well."—MILTON.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his sons, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, to our



### A WAYSIDE CONSULTATION!

cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse*.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*, and I should accept it as an image of human life.

"The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without the word*. It is left to you to find out *why your ears are bored*."—HUXLEY.

We quote the above from Professor Huxley, because we think it fully endorses what we wish to press with great earnestness, in the cause of truth and health, upon the mind of the reader—that obedience to natural laws is health and happiness and long life, while disobedience or ignorance entails disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

A GENTLEMAN writes:—"For **MANY YEARS I was a martyr to sea-sickness**; I always take ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' for a few days on going for a voyage, and know the sickness now only by name, not as a punishment. This should be widely known."

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

### ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH condition is simply MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS Imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Perhaps the most eloquent sermon preached in London this summer was that of the Archbishop of Armagh at Westminster Abbey on the third Sunday after Trinity. He dealt with patriotic enthusiasm on the noble work which our soldiers have accomplished in South Africa, and remarked that the future of the new colonies will depend on the settlement of a new British and Colonial population. An eminent authority had said that the interests of South Africa would not be safe unless 25,000 settlers of British and Colonial birth were placed on the soil. This new community would require the vigilant aid of the S.P.G. and other missionary societies. The Archbishop believes that the years following the war will witness an unprecedented outburst of missionary zeal.

Oxford House will have a young and energetic Head in the Rev. H. St. John Woolcombe, who has for the last six years been one of the most hard-working of the East End clergy. As curate of Stepney Parish Church he has found his way into the poorest districts, and is well known and much respected by the working men. Mr. Woolcombe is a friend of the Bishop of Stepney, with whose approval the appointment was made.

The Bishop of Worcester has happily made a quick recovery from his recent accident when driving, and has been able during the last fortnight to fulfil engagements in Birmingham and the neighbourhood.

The Rev. F. L. Norris, who has been offered the new Bishopric of Shantung, is the son of Archdeacon Norris. He went out to China in 1889, and was in Peking during the siege. He did splendid service in building barricades with the help of the native Christians. His name was mentioned in the despatches, and in all accounts of the siege his services are highly praised.

The large congregation which assembled at St. Paul's on the evening of the third Sunday after Trinity were disappointed not to hear the Bishop of Calcutta, who had been announced as the preacher. Dr. Welldon has been suffering from a slight return of fever.

The Liverpool correspondent of the *Church Times* discusses the Cathedral scheme, and remarks that, although the site of St. James's Mount has been chosen at a public meeting, the last word has not been said. He himself prefers the site in Monument Place, but it is understood that the cost of erecting the Cathedral there would be very heavy. He admits, however, that the St. James's

pulpit in the West End. For many years the Weigh House Chapel has been meagrely attended, but under this gifted orator it is likely to enter on a new lease of life.

Canon Hugh Pearson's old living of Sonning is vacant by the death of the Rev. Henry Barter, and the patronage passes to the Crown, as, for the moment, the see of Oxford is legally vacant.

On June 29 the Bishop of London opened some new parochial buildings at Bethnal Green. His Lordship was accorded an enthusiastic welcome, the people taking the horses out of his carriage and dragging it themselves. In his speech, he referred to himself as "an old Bethnal Greener." V.

On Wednesday, June 26, the New Palace steamer *La Marguerite* made her first trip of the season to Boulogne and back, performing the journey in her usual expeditious manner. The fifty-three miles to Boulogne were quickly covered, and almost before luncheon was finished the grim headland of Cape Grisnez hove in sight. Notwithstanding that *La Marguerite's*

arrival is now an established feature of the Boulogne season, almost the whole of the populace, headed by their Mayor and Corporation and Chamber of Commerce, were on the quay to bid welcome to the first trip of the new century of this favourite vessel, showing that as far as Boulogne and *La Marguerite* were concerned, the feeling of the two nationalities was of a most cordial and friendly nature. After having allowed her passengers about two and a half hours on shore to visit the numerous places of interest, *La Marguerite* left Boulogne at 3.30 p.m. for the homeward journey, and reached Tilbury well within her advertised time of arrival—namely, 9.15 p.m.—a special fast train bringing her passengers to Fenchurch Street Station.



Photo. Burke, Mer. tale, Christchurch, N.Z.

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Mount position has support of a very influential character in Liverpool, "support the force of which I should be the last to minimise, for the name of Gladstone is highly honoured amongst us."

Bishop Webb was installed as Dean of Salisbury last Saturday, but he is not expected to go into residence till the end of August.

Dr. John Hunter, the brilliant Glasgow preacher, is expected to enter upon his ministry at the King's Weigh House Chapel, Grosvenor Square, early in October. He has many engagements during the summer in connection with the Glasgow Exhibition. Dr. Hunter's settlement in London will be a great gain for the Nonconformist

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Cut Glass Jug with "Prince's Plate" Mounts,  
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Sterling Silver Champagne Jug, Handsomely Chased,  
in Antique style, 4 pints, £17 17s.



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mounted in "Prince's Plate" or Sterling Silver.  
"Prince's Plate" Sterling Silver.  
2 pints ... £4 10s. £8 15s.  
3 " ... £5 5s. £9 15s.  
4 " ... £6 5s. £11 10s.



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## MUSIC.

## THE ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Madame Melba has sung so seldom this season that the disappointment was all the greater when the opera of "La Bohème," on the evening of Friday, June 28, was terminated at the end of the second act, leaving half of it unperformed. After a most long and tiresome entr'acte, it appeared that Fräulein Fritzi Scheff had sprained her ankle. It raises the question in the amateur mind why an understudy was not forthcoming, for a cast was wasted and a house greatly disappointed. It was not so much the occupants of the stalls and boxes that were to be pitted, though their carriages were naturally not to be got at, but those less fortunate people who buy a seat for the Opera with great difficulty. Such of it that was seen, however, was admirable. Madame Melba's voice was faultless, and she likes the rôle of Mimi so well that she acts better in it than usual. Signor Anselmi was very much steadier, and his voice under better control. Madame Melba gave again the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

On Saturday evening, June 29, Verdi's "Aida" was performed. The jealous Egyptian was sung by Miss Marie Brema, and the Ethiopian slave-girl by Madame Emma Eames. It is a picturesque opera, and the management are to be warmly congratulated on their clever stage-management and scenic effects. The shores of the Nile formed a particularly beautiful scene, and the slow dances of the priestesses brought a sense of ancient history. Madame Eames sang the music very beautifully, but she seemed unusually cold and unmoved. It is a rôle that is full of emotion and deep feeling—the love for her country, her hatred of captivity, the hidden love for the Captain of the Guards, culminating in

her voluntary entombment with him in his prison, sealed from the outer world. There is much that is lyrical and charming in this opera, but it never has its supreme moment, though the passionate Amneris (Miss Marie Brema) has the nearest approach to it. M. Plançon sang extremely well the part of Ramfis, the cruel, relentless

"Les Huguenots" is going to be put on again, with, it is to be hoped, better luck; for twice this season this opera has had to be withdrawn at the last moment.

## CONCERTS.

Mr. Donald Hall and Mr. Frank Haskell gave a most enjoyable concert on Tuesday, June 25. Among a great many talented artists especially to be commended was Miss Hortense Paulsen, in the song "All for you" and a charming encore by the same composer, Guy d'Hardelot. Mr. Frank Haskell's singing of some songs of Dr. Villiers Stanford; Mr. Arthur Faber's clever parodies of well-known actors and singers; and Madame Elsie Vidler's graceful singing of two songs by Olga Rudd lent interest to the programme.

Miss Adelaide Burton gave a morning concert at the Bechstein Hall on Thursday, June 27, and sang extremely well "Ouvre tes yeux bleus" of Massenet, and "Si mes vœux avaient des ailes" of Neualdo Hahn. Miss Burton's voice seems to have gained greatly in inflexion and sympathy. She has a light soprano voice of considerable brilliancy and purity of intonation. Mr. H. Heinz had so bad a cold that he could not be heard to advantage, nor would he attempt his second song.

At the same hall, the next afternoon, the Hungarian violinist, Herr Hegedüs, made his appearance. He plays with astonishing technique for so young a performer. Miss Evelyn Stuart played the pianoforte parts with him, and also some cleverly rendered solos.

Mdlle. Mania Séguel and Mr. Manuel Garcia gave a pianoforte and vocal recital on Saturday afternoon, June 29, at the St. James's Hall. Mr. Garcia is a worthy follower of his grandfather. He has a powerful, pleasantly modulated baritone voice, and sang with great taste and dramatic effect the "Traume" of Wagner, and "J'espère! Je vous aime," of A. Thomas.



Photo, Flisher, Weymouth.

HOME-COMING OF THE DORSET IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FROM SOUTH AFRICA:  
PUBLIC WELCOME BY THE MAYOR OF WEYMOUTH.

The returning Yeomanry, under Colonel Browne, arrived at Southampton on June 24, and reached Weymouth the following day. On the Esplanade the Yeomen were accorded a splendid civic and military reception. The Mayor addressed the men, speaking in high terms of their service, then called for three cheers for the King, followed by cheers for the returned soldiers. Thereafter a thanksgiving service was held in St. Mary's Church, and a banquet at the Sidney Hall concluded the day's celebrations.

High Priest. Signor Tamagno as Radames, the Captain of the Guards, showed the same vigour as in his Otello.

This coming week is to be marked by the last appearance this season of Fräulein Ternina, in "Tristan und Isolde" and Isidore de Lara's opera "Messaline."

June 29, at the St. James's Hall. Mr. Garcia is a worthy follower of his grandfather. He has a powerful, pleasantly modulated baritone voice, and sang with great taste and dramatic effect the "Traume" of Wagner, and "J'espère! Je vous aime," of A. Thomas.

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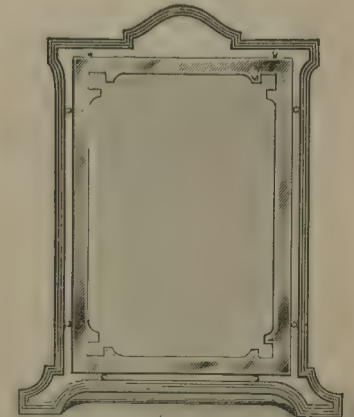
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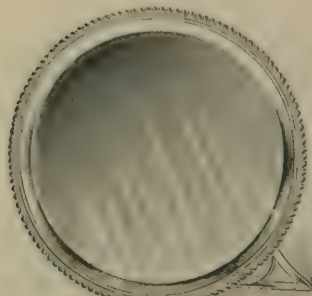
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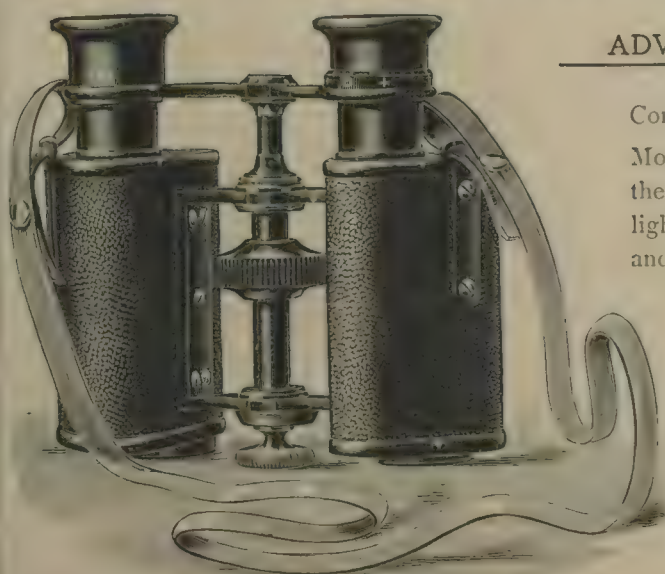


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## SUMMER RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that in addition to the important alterations already notified in connection with their summer trains, the service to Yorkshire will from July 1 be considerably improved. The luncheon and dining-car expresses now leaving London (King's Cross) for Leeds at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m. will be accelerated to reach Leeds at 1.24 p.m. and 9.35 p.m. respectively, while the 1.30 p.m. from London (King's Cross), now due to arrive at 5.22 p.m., will reach there 5.7 p.m. A new express will be timed to leave Leeds (Central) at 2 p.m., calling at Wakefield (Westgate) and Grantham, and reaching London (King's Cross) at 5.35 p.m. To relieve the 10 a.m. Scotch day corridor, luncheon, and dining-car express, for Inverness, Aberdeen, Perth, Glasgow, etc., an additional train, also a corridor diner, will leave at 10.10 a.m. for Newcastle, giving connections at York to the East Coast watering-places.

The July time-tables of the Midland Railway will be found to be of more than usual interest. During the past few weeks we understand the company has had under review the whole service between England and Scotland, with the result that material improvements will take effect from July 1, in the service to and from Edinburgh, Glasgow, the North of Scotland, and London and the principal provincial English towns. Several entirely new trains will be introduced, which will perform the journey in much less time than has previously been the case by this route, and additional dining and sleeping cars will form a welcome feature of the service.

For the summer season commencing July 1 the new time-table of the Great Central Railway shows that numerous alterations have been made in the passenger-train services between London and the Midlands and the North, including Scarborough and Scotland. The 8 a.m. train from London to Manchester will leave at 8.15 a.m. This alteration will improve the service from Reading,

Didcot, Oxford, Banbury, etc., to Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, and the North. The 10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. express trains from Marylebone will call at Aylesbury, when required, to take up passengers from the Great Western line; and the 10.7 a.m. from Bradford and the 2.15 p.m. from Manchester will call at Aylesbury, when required, to set down passengers for the Great Western line.

Special facilities for summer holiday-makers on the Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex coasts are offered by the Great Eastern Railway. The bracing air of Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Clacton, Walton, Felixstowe, Southend, and Burnham on Crouch has long enjoyed a reputation for salubrity and has won the special favour of the medical profession. The Great Eastern Railway Company are now issuing tourist fortnightly and Friday to Tuesday tickets from Liverpool Street and suburban stations and also from the stations on the East London line. They are also running an accelerated and improved service of express trains which go to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer in three hours.

The London and North-Western and Caledonian Railway Companies announce that in view of the heavy traffic to Glasgow on account of the Exhibition, the 10 a.m. express, which is already being run nearly every day in two portions from Euston, will, from the first of next month, be relieved of the traffic for Perth and the North, which will be conveyed by a new express leaving Euston at 10.5 a.m., and reaching Perth at 8.5 p.m., and Aberdeen at 10.20 p.m. This train will also give a through connection to the Highland line, arriving at Inverness at 11.30 p.m., passengers being thus enabled to perform the journey through to Inverness in the day, with the convenience of luncheon, tea, and dining accommodation on the train. A new express will be put on, leaving Euston at 11.30 a.m., and reaching both Edinburgh and Glasgow at 7.55 p.m.; this will also be a corridor-train with luncheon and refreshment cars attached. The fast sleeping-saloon express leaving Euston at 11.50 p.m.,

which is the most popular of all the night expresses, will continue to arrive at Glasgow and Edinburgh at 7.50 a.m.

The London and South-Western Railway are running special trains for visitors to the West of England; Devon, and North Cornwall coasts. Tourist tickets for all three classes are issued from Waterloo Station by all trains, available for return within two months. For the circular tour by rail and coach, tickets are issued from London every week-day. The tours embrace the principal health-resorts of North Devon and North Cornwall, including Lynton, Ilfracombe, Clovelly, Bude, Boscastle, Tintagel, St. Columb, Newquay, Padstow, and district.

A new link in the Great Western Railway system was added on July 1 by the opening of a loop line between Patney and Chilton and Westbury. The loop, which is only about fourteen miles long, shortens the journey from London to Weymouth by fifty minutes. The route to Weymouth and places beyond will now be by Reading, Hungerford, and over the new loop to Westbury. The first train reached Weymouth in less than four hours.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that Kent and Sussex circular tour tickets are now issued from Victoria, Charing Cross, Holborn Viaduct, Cannon Street, St. Paul's, Waterloo, and London Bridge Stations enabling holders to visit the following places—namely, Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Dover, Canterbury, Tunbridge Wells, Folkestone, Rye, Winchelsea, Hastings and St. Leonards. Tickets are available for one month.

Tourists from London to the Scottish Highlands are reminded that the Highland Railway's route via Perth and Dunkeld is in connection with the Euston day and night expresses. A new day service is advertised from Perth connecting with the 10 a.m. luncheon-car train from Euston, and there are other convenient train improvements.



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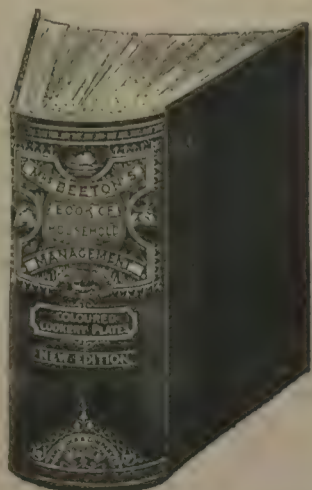
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 3, 1897) of Mr. Edward Rhys Wingfield, J.P., D.L., of Barrington Park, Gloucester, and 19, Princes Gardens, S.W., who died on March 14, was proved on June 21 by Captain George Talbot Wingfield, R.N., and Henry Jocelyn Wingfield, the brothers, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £96,285. The testator gives £2000 and the income of his property at Bedford to his wife, Mrs. Edith Caroline Wingfield; £2000 to his eldest son; and £200 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children, except his eldest son, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 21, 1900), with a codicil (dated Sept. 19 following), of Mrs. Cecilia Nesbitt, of Oldlands, Uckfield, who died on Nov. 6, has been proved by Miss Frederica Annie Somerville Franks, the sister, and Captain Reginald Nesbitt Wingfield Larking, Scots Guards, the executors, the value of the estate being £79,249. The testatrix bequeaths £7000 to Captain Larking; £5000 to Lambert Cecil Larking; £2000 each,

upon trust, for Miriam Eleanor Larking, Arthur Patrick Alfred Larking, and Dennis Augustus Hugo Larking; £2000 to Matilda Ellen Bishop; £1500 each to Jeanne Scherer and Louisa de la Rive; £2000 to her sister Isabella Julia Browne; £1000 each to Lady Adela Maria Larking, Thomas Crosby Burrows, and her sister Miss Franks; £6000, upon sundry trusts, for the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund; and other legacies. She settles all her real estate on Captain Larking, and leaves to him the residue of her personal property.

The will (dated March 26, 1896), with a codicil (dated Sept. 3, 1900), of Captain John Dearden, J.P., of Holmstead, Crawley, Sussex, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on June 26 by John Dearden, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £70,852. The testator after confirming his marriage settlement, whereby provision is made for his wife and four children, gives £300 to his wife; £200 to his son Henry; £150 each to his daughters Margaret Gertrude and Agnes Henrietta; £11,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son John; and an annuity of £100 to his daughter Agnes during the life

of his sister Margaret Lister. The residue of his property he leaves to his son John.

The will (dated April 6, 1895), with three codicils, of Mrs. Sarah Wild Nash, of 131, Kennington Road, Lambeth, who died on May 12, was proved on June 3 by Thomas Buxton Morrish and Thomas B. Gabriel, the executors, the value of the estate being £67,909. The testatrix gives £1000 to the Wesleyan Methodist Foreign Mission Society; £800 to the South-West London Auxiliary of the London City Mission; £1200 to the Wesleyan Methodist Worn-out Ministers and Ministers' Annuitant Society; £1000 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society Ladies' Auxiliary for Female Education; £1000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £400 to the China Terrace, Lambeth, Wesleyan Chapel; £150 to the Stamford Street Wesleyan Chapel; £100 to the Religious Tract Society; £500 to the Children's Home and Orphanage, Bonner Road, Victoria Park; £1200 to the Orphan Home, South Street, Southwark; £500 to the Didsbury Branch of the Wesleyan Theological

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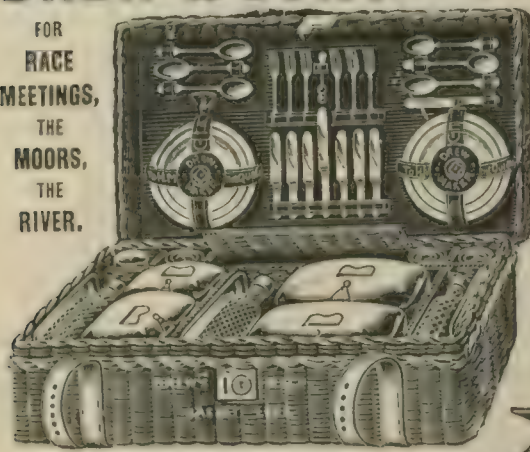
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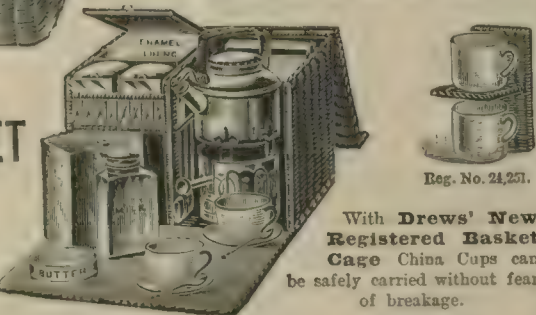
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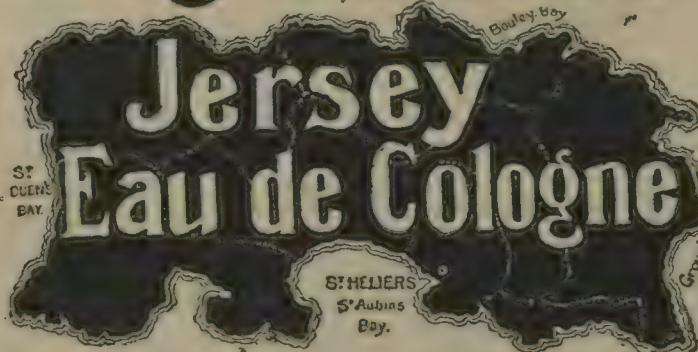
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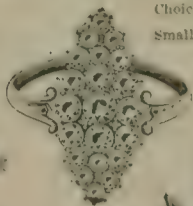
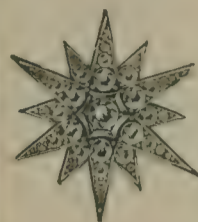
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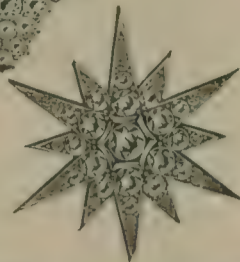


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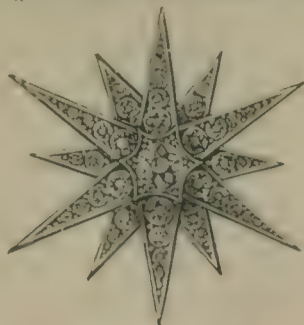
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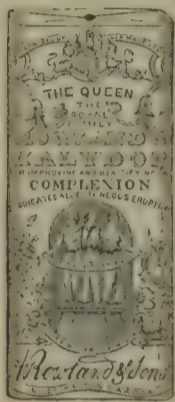
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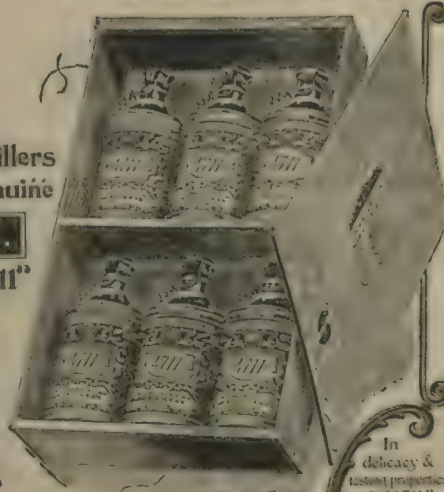
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In delicacy & lasting properties the "4711" surpasses all other Brands.

Institution; £200 to the Strangers' Friend Society; £200 to the Wesleyan Seamen's Mission; £500 to the Wesleyan Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association; £200 to the London City Mission; and very many legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her niece Sarah Nash Morrish.

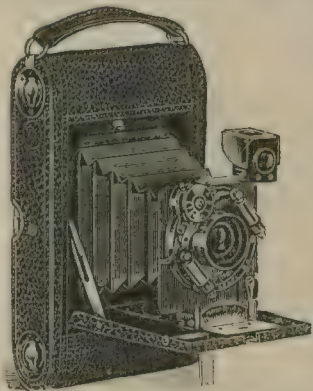
The will (dated Jan. 19, 1899), with a codicil (dated Aug. 6, 1900), of Mrs. Mary Weld, of 18, Phillimore Gardens, S.W., who died on April 26, was proved on June 19 by Humphrey Frederick Joseph Weld, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £33,953. She bequeaths £200 each to the St. Vincent's Home (London), the Superior of the Convent of the Good Shepherd (Blackley, Manchester), the Superior of the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor (Portobello Road), the Manchester Rescue Society, and the President of the Society of St. Vincent de

Paul; £150 to the Superior of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul (Carlisle Place); one shilling and a loaf to eighty poor women living in the neighbourhood of her funeral; £10 between the poor of that district; £4000 to Humphrey Frederick Joseph Weld, Everard Aloysius Weld, and Frederick Joseph Weld; £3000 to Frank and Frederick Davison-Bland; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew H. F. J. Weld.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1900), with two codicils (dated Dec. 12, 1900, and March 1, 1901), of Dame Harriet Eliza Neeld, of 71, Eaton Square, and Grittleton, Chippenham, who died on April 30, has just been proved by Sir Audley Dallas Neeld, C.B., the son, and Philip Wroughton, the executors, the value of the estate being £31,820. Under the powers of the will of her late husband, Sir John Neeld, she appoints £30,000 each

to her sons Reginald Rendall and Mortimer Graham, and the remainder of the funds between her said two sons and her daughters, Mrs. Evelyn Mary Wroughton and Lady Ada Mary Wallis, this gift to her daughters to be in addition to £40,000 each already appointed to them; and should her brother die without leaving issue, she further appoints £47,000, certain property passing by the will of her father, General Dickson, to her three sons. Subject to the payment of £9000 to certain of her grandchildren, she appoints the funds of her marriage settlement to her son Sir Audley. The testatrix gives £1000 to her son-in-law Philip Wroughton; £100 to her son-in-law Sir George Harry Smith Wallis; £200 each to her daughters-in-law Lady Edith Neeld and Mrs. Beatrice Alice Neeld; £100 to Lady Constance Pleydell Bouverie; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her son Audley.

Among the great number of readers of *The Illustrated London News* must certainly be a great many with whom a Kodak Camera is a constant companion. These artists have certainly greeted with pleasure the new Folding Pocket Kodak No. 3, which combines all the better qualities of the other Kodaks. Its small size, combined with the possibility of focussing the lens for near objects, renders it, no doubt, the most efficient "Pocket Kodak" in the market. To the large number of amateurs who wish to make pictures on a somewhat gloomy day, it will certainly be of great interest to learn that these new Kodaks can now be obtained fitted with the best photographic lens in existence, the Goerz Double Anastigmat, which enables the worker to obtain good pictures even in an unfavourable light. This lens, which is fitted to a special shutter, the speeds of which can automatically be regulated, enables the amateur to be practically independent of the weather, for the extreme sensitiveness of the Eastman film is a guarantee of a good result when exposed with a Goerz Double Anastigmat. The new shutter and the new lens are so ingeniously



fitted to the camera that the latter does not lose in any way its wonderful compactness, and closes in the same small volume as if fitted with its original lens and shutter (see illustration). The price of the Camera is, so fitted, £10 17s. 6d. To make the high standard of the Goerz Double Anastigmat well understood, we may mention that a photograph was exhibited recently in the windows of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Co., 106, Regent Street, the West-End Agents of Mr. C. P. Goerz, which was taken with a Goerz Double Anastigmat on a rainy day, and which showed a large crowd of people all with their umbrellas open, following a regimental band. All details, even in the shadows, were so perfectly rendered that a better picture could not have been taken, even in the brightest sunshine, with a lens less perfect than the Goerz Double Anastigmat.

These new Cameras can be obtained from any good Photographic Dealer; and the Optical Works of C. P. Goerz, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, will send an Illustrated Prospectus of these Cameras. All applications must be marked "Department I"; without this they will not be answered.

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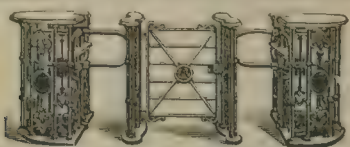
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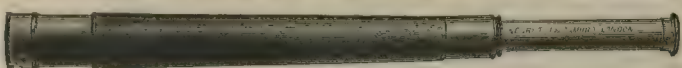
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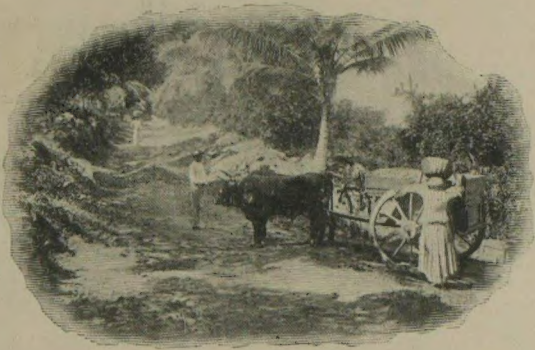
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Either Weight.

**FIT ANY LEG.**

**MADE OF ALL WOOL.**

FOX'S PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES ARE SO DESIGNED AS TO WIND ON SPIRALLY FROM ANKLE TO KNEE AND TO FIT CLOSELY TO THE LEG WITH EVEN PRESSURE WITHOUT ANY TURNS OR TWISTS.

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IN LIGHT WEIGHT.

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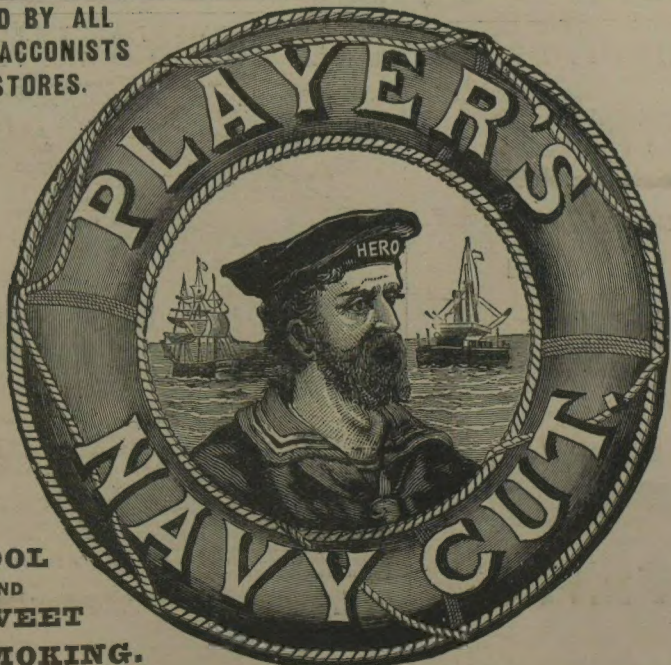
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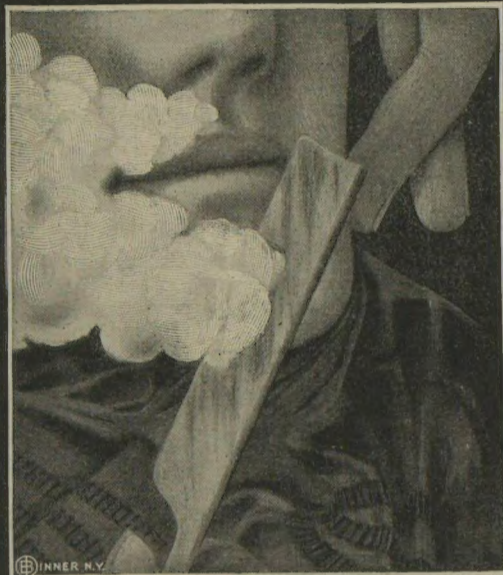
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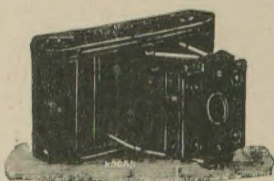
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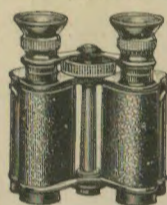
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9 11 by 7 2 ...	4 12 0	11 4 by 8 9 ...	6 7 0	13 9 by 10 0 ...	8 17 0
10 2 by 6 10 ...	4 8 0	11 9 by 8 3 ...	6 3 0	13 9 by 10 6 ...	9 4 0
10 0 by 7 0 ...	4 10 0	11 11 by 8 0 ...	6 3 0	13 10 by 10 4 ...	9 1 0
10 1 by 7 2 ...	4 12 0	11 5 by 8 3 ...	6 0 0	13 6 by 10 6 ...	9 0 0
10 2 by 7 8 ...	5 0 0	11 10 by 8 7 ...	6 9 0	13 11 by 10 7 ...	9 8 0
10 8 by 7 1 ...	4 16 0	12 9 by 9 1 ...	7 7 0	13 9 by 11 10 ...	9 0 0
10 6 by 7 0 ...	4 14 0	12 3 by 9 6 ...	7 10 0	13 3 by 9 5 ...	8 0 0
10 3 by 7 6 ...	4 18 0	12 1 by 7 0 ...	5 3 0	13 9 by 8 2 ...	7 4 0
10 4 by 7 3 ...	4 16 0	13 1 by 9 7 ...	8 0 0	13 1 by 10 0 ...	8 7 0
11 4 by 8 5 ...	6 3 0	13 1 by 8 3 ...	6 18 0	14 1 by 11 10 ...	9 5 0
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Ft.	in.	Ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	Ft.	in.	Ft.	in.	£	s.	d.
9	0	by	6 9	...	1	10	1	9	0	by	6 9	...	1 12 6
10	6	by	9 0	...	2	5	11	11	0	by	9 0	...	2 8 9
12	0	by	11 3	...	3	6	6	13	0	by	11 3	...	3 14 9
15	0	by	13 6	...	4	18	2	16	6	by	13 6	...	5 10 6
10	0	by	6 9	...	2	2	10	12	0	by	6 9	...	3 7 5
12	0	by	9 0	...	3	6	6	13	6	by	11 3	...	4 13 11
15	0	by	13 6	...	6	6	7	15	0	by	13 6	...	6 6 7

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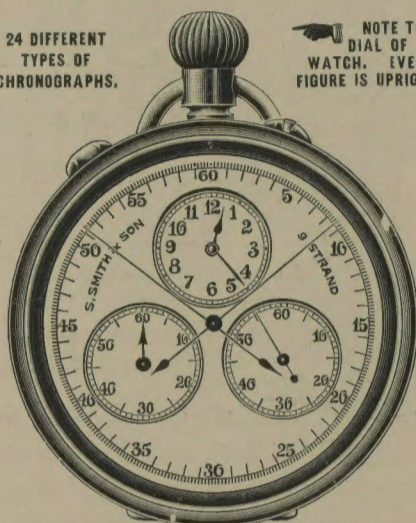
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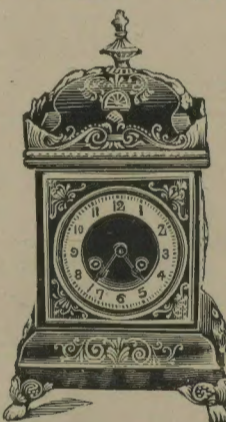
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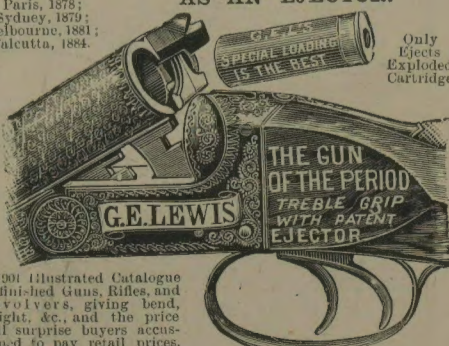
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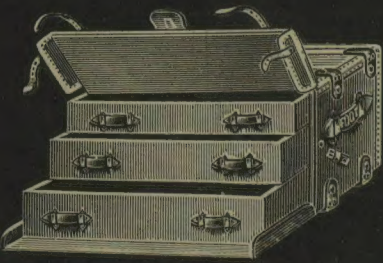
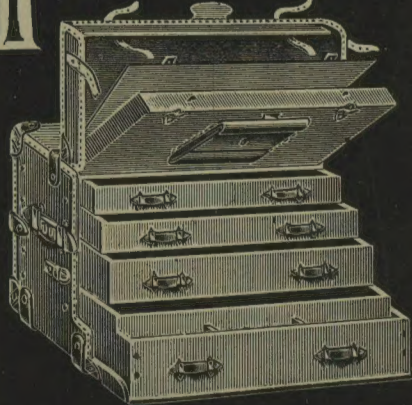
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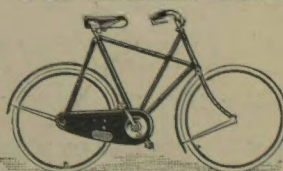
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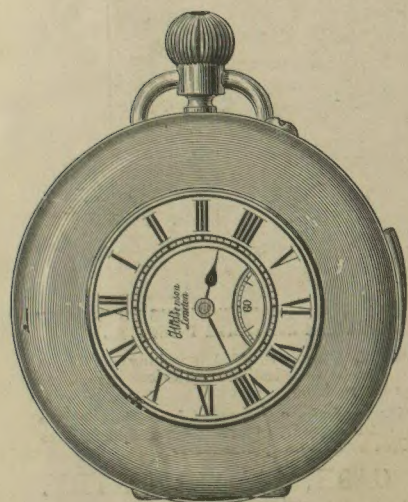
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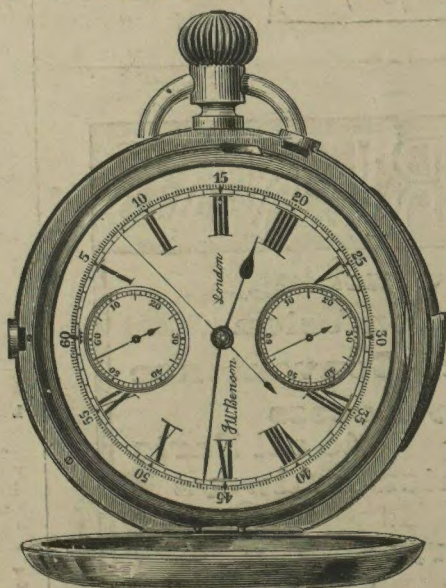
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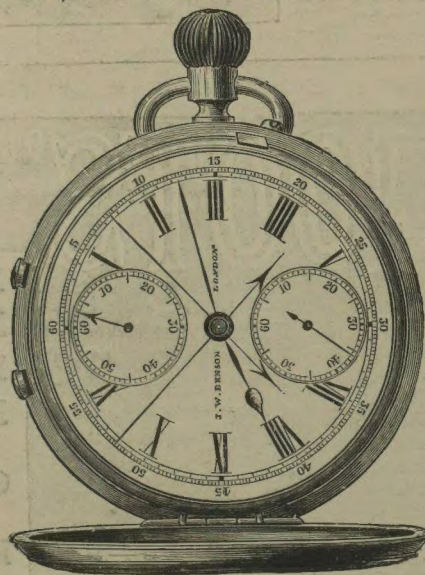
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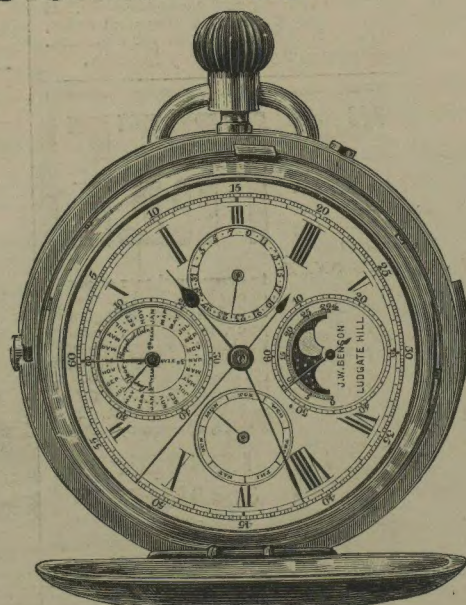


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